

The Times.



The Reading Matter will consist of Original Stories, History, Biography, Agriculture, Education, Poetry, and the Foreign and Domestic News of the Day.

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WHOLE NO. 89.

THE TIMES.

GREENSBORO, N. C.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

GONE!

Gone to be rocked in the bosoms of angels
Lost from the path ye have wearily trod,
Think of thy babe 'mid the shining angels
Who dwell in the beautiful mansions of God:
Gone in her infancy o'er the dark river
Ere she had known of the thorns in Life's flowers
Gone from the path and the fruitless endeavor
And the shadows that mantle earth's hours.

Backed to the sinless embraces of angels
Hasting the glorious chord they sing,
Think of thy babe 'mid the shining angels
Who dwell in the beautiful mansions of God:
Gone in her infancy o'er the dark river
Ere she had known of the thorns in Life's flowers
Gone from the path and the fruitless endeavor
And the shadows that mantle earth's hours.

From the St. Louis Republican.

PONTIUS PILATE AND JESUS CHRIST.

We lay before our readers this week a curious document, with which, or something like it, some of them are doubtless familiar. It is one that is much prized among the *Cherokee* Indians, and read in the families of the nation as a veritable history of the relation sustained by Pilate to Jesus Christ, and of the scenes attending the trial and the crucifixion. It has been forwarded to us to be printed for the use of the *Cherokee* Nation, all the copies of it now in use among them being much dilapidated by constant handling. There are evidently some errors in phraseology in the manuscript as sent to us, some of which we do not attempt to correct, because of uncertainty as to what substitutions to make. We publish it mainly as we have received it.

PONTIUS PILATE IN VIENNE.—Vienna in Dauphiny, a province in France, the ancient capital of transalpine Gaul, under the Roman's situated on the river Rhone. There, on the left bank of the beautiful stream is seen a tomb of an ancient architecture, which, according to tradition is the tomb of Pontius Pilate. Pilate, under whose government Jesus Christ suffered—*Pasque et Pontio Pilate*.

It was in Vienna also that the Wandering Jew revealed himself in 1777. A most remarkable occurrence; the spot that contained the ashes of the judge of the righteous, was to be trodden on by a descendant of his accuser.

The following chronicle was extracted from an old Latin manuscript, found in a monastery in Vienna. It was under the reign of Caligula, when C. Marius was praetor at Vienna, that an old man, bent with age, yet of full stature, was seen to ascend from his litter and enter a house of modest appearance near the temple of Mars. Over the door of this house was written in red letters the name of F. Albinus. He was an old acquaintance of Pilate. After mutual salutations, Albinus observed to him that years had elapsed since their separation.

"Yes," replied Pilate, "many years—years of misfortune and affliction. Accursed be the day on which I succeeded Valerius Gratus in the government of Judea. My name is ominous, it has been fatal to whomsoever has borne it. One of my ancestors printed an indelible mark of infamy on the fair front of imperial Rome, when the Romans passed under the *Conclava Foveata* in the Samnite war; another perished by the hands of the Parthians in the war against Artabanus; and I, miserable man—"

"You miserable," asked Albinus, "what have you done to entail misery on you? True, the injustice of Caligula, has exiled you to Vienna, but for what crime? I have examined your affair in the *Tabularium*. You are denounced by Vitellus, Prefect of Syria, your enemy, for having chastened the rebellious Hebrews, who had slain the most noble of the Samaritans, and who afterwards withdrew themselves on Mount Garizim. You are also accused of acting thus out of hatred against the Jews."

"No," replied Pilate, "no! by all the gods, Albinus, it is not the injustice of Caesar that afflicts me."

"What, then, is the cause of your affliction?" continued Albinus. Long have I known you—sensible, just, humane, I see it. You are the victim of Vitellus."

"Say not so, Albinus; say not that I am the victim of Vitellus—no; I am the victim of a higher power!"

"The Romans regard me as an object of Caesar's; and the Jews as the severe Proconsul; the Christians, as the executioner of their God!"

"Of their God did you say, Pilate? Impious wretches! Adore a God born in a manger, and put to death on the cross!"

"Beware, Albinus, beware," continued Pilate, "if their God had been born under the purple, he would have been adored. Listen! To your friendship I will submit the events of my life, you will afterwards judge if I am worthy your hospital-

ity: On my arrival at Jerusalem I took possession of the Praetorium, and ordered a splendid feast to be prepared, to which I invited the Tetrarch of Judea, with the high priests and officers. At the appointed hour no guest appeared. This was an insult offered to my dignity. A few days afterward the Tetrarch deigned to pay me a visit. His deportment was grave and deceitful. He pretended that his religion forbade him and his attendants to sit down at the table of the Gentiles, and to offer up libations with them. I thought it expedient to except of his excuse, but from that moment I was convinced that the conqueror had declared themselves the enemies of the conquerors.

"At that time Jerusalem was, of all conquered cities, the most difficult to govern, so turbulent were the people that I lived in momentary dread of an insurrection. To repress it had but a single centurion and a handful of soldiers. I requested a reinforcement from the Prefect of Syria, who informed me that he had scarcely troops sufficient to defend his own province. Insatiate thirst of empire; to extend our conquests beyond the means of defending them! Among the various rumors that came to my ears there was one that attracted my attention. A young man, it was said, had appeared in Galilee, preaching with a noble unction, a new law, in the name of the God that had sent him. At first I was apprehensive that his design was to stir up the people against the Romans, but soon were my fears dispelled. Jesus of Nazareth spoke rather as a friend of the Romans than of the Jews. One day in passing by the place of Siloe, where there was a great concourse of people, I observed, in the midst of the group, a young man leaning against a tree, who was calmly addressing the multitude. I was told it was Jesus. This I could easily have suspected, so great was the difference between him and those who were listening to him. His golden colored hair and beard gave to his appearance a celestial aspect; he appeared to be about thirty years of age. Never have I seen a sweeter or a more serene countenance. What a contrast between him and his hearers, with their black beard and tawny complexion! Unwilling to interrupt him by my presence I continued my walk, but signified to my secretary to join the group and listen.

"My secretary's name was Manlius. He was the grand son of the chief of the conspirators who encamped in Etruria, waiting Cataline. Manlius was an ancient inhabitant of Judea, and well acquainted with the Hebrew language. He was devoted to me and worthy of confidence.

"On entering the Praetorium I found Manlius, who related to me the words Jesus had pronounced at Siloe. Never have I heard in the Jewish, or in the works of the philosophers, anything that can compare to the maxims of Jesus. One of the rebellious Jews, so numerous in Jerusalem, having asked him, if it was lawful to give tribute to Caesar, Jesus replied, '*Render unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's, and unto God the things that are God's.*'"

"It was on account of his wisdom of his sayings that I granted so much liberty to the Nazarene; for it was in my power to have had him arrested and exiled to Pontus, but this would have been contrary to that justice, which has always characterized the Romans. This man was neither seditious nor rebellious; I extended to him my protection unknown perhaps to himself. He was at liberty to act, to speak, to assemble and address the people, to choose disciples unrestrained by any Praetorian mandate.

"Should it ever happen—may the gods never avert the omen—should it ever happen I say, that the religion of our forefathers be supplanted by the religion of Jesus, it will be to his noble toleration that Rome shall owe her premature obsequies, whilst I miserable wretch! I shall have been the instrument of what Christians call providence, and we—destiny."

"But this unlimited freedom granted to Jesus provoked the Jews—not the poor, but the rich and powerful. It is true that Jesus was severe on the latter, and this was a political reason in my opinion, not to control the liberty of the Nazarene. Scribes and Pharisees," would he say to them, "you are a race of vipers—you resemble painted sepulchers." At other times he would sneer at the proud aims of the Pharisees, telling him that the mite of the poor widow was more precious in the sight of God. New complaints were daily made at the Praetorium against the insolence of Jesus. I was even informed that some misfortune would befall him—that it would not be the first time that Jerusalem had stoned those who called themselves prophets. And that if the Praetorium refused justice, an appeal would be made to Caesar if that happened. My conduct was approved of by the Senate, and I was promised a reinforcement of troops after the termination of the Parthian war.

"Being too weak to suppress a sedition, I resolved upon adopting a measure that

promised to establish the tranquility of the city, without subjecting the Praetorium to humiliating concessions. I wrote to Jesus, requesting an interview with him at the Praetorium. He came.

"Oh, Albinus! now that my blood runs cold in my veins, and that my body is bent down under the load of years, it is not surprising that Pilate should sometimes tremble, but then I was young—in my veins flowed the Spanish mixed with the Roman blood, as incapable of fear as it was of puerile emotions.

"When the Nazarene made his appearance, I was walking in my basilic, and my feet seemed fastened with an iron band to the marble pavement. He was calm—the Nazarene—calm as innocence. When he came up to me he stopped, and by a single sign seemed to say to me, here I am.

"For some time I contemplated with admiration and awe this extraordinary type of man unknown to our numerous painters, who have given form and figure to all the gods and all the heroes.

"Jesus," said I to him, at last—and my tongue faltered—"Jesus of Nazareth, I have granted you, for the last three years, ample freedom of speech, nor do I regret it. Your words are those of a sage. I know not whether you have read Socrates and Plato, but this I know, that there is in your discourses a majestic simplicity that elevates you far above those philosophers. The Emperor is informed of it, and I, his humble representative in this country, am glad of having allowed you that liberty of which you are so worthy. However, I must not conceal from you that your discourses have raised up against you powerful and inveterate enemies. Neither is this surprising. Socrates had enemies, and he fell a victim to their hatred. Yours are doubly incensed against you on account of your sayings, against me on account of the liberty extended toward you; they even accuse me indirectly of being league with you for the purpose of depriving the Hebrews of the little civil power which Rome has left them. My request—I do not say my order—is that you be more circumspect for the future, and more tender in rousing the pride of your enemies, lest they raise against you the stupid populace, and compel me to employ the instruments of justice."

The Nazarene calmly replied: "Prince of the earth, your words proceed not from true wisdom. Say to the torrent to stop in the midst of the mountains, because it will uproot the trees of the valley; the torrent will answer you that it obeys the laws of the Creator. God alone knows whither flows the waters of the torrent. Verily I say unto you, before the Rose of Sharon blossoms, the blood of the just shall be spilt."

"Your blood shall not be spilt," replied I with emotion. "You are more precious in my estimation, on account of your wisdom, than all the turbulent and proud Pharisees, who abuse the freedom granted them by the Romans, conspire against Caesar, and construe our bounty into fear.—Insolent wretches, they are not aware that the wolf of the Tiber sometimes clothes himself with the skin of the sheep. I will protect you against them. My Praetorium is open to you as an asylum, it is a sacred asylum."

Jesus carelessly shook his head, and said, with a grace and divine smile: "When the day shall come there will be no asylum for the son of man, neither on the earth, nor under the earth, the asylum of the just is there (pointing to the heavens), that which is written in the books of the Prophets must be accomplished."

"You must," answered I, mildly, "you oblige me to convert my respect into an order. The safety of the province, which has been confided to my care requires it. You must observe more moderation in your discourses. Do not infringe my orders, you know. May happiness attend you. Farewell."

"Prince of the earth," replied Jesus, "I came not to bring war into the world, but peace, love and charity. I was born the same day on which Caesar Augustus gave peace to the Roman world. Persecution proceeds not from me. I expect from others and will meet it in obedience to the will of my father, who has shown me the way. Restrain, therefore, your worldly pride. It is not in your power to arrest the victim at the foot of the tabernacle of expiation."

So saying, he disappeared like a bright shadow, behind the curtains of the basilic.

Herod, the Tetrarch, who then reigned in Judea, and who died devoured by vermin, who was a weak and wicked man, chosen by the chiefs of the law to be the instrument of their hatred. To him the enemies of Jesus addressed themselves to wreak their vengeance on the Nazarene.

Had Herod consulted his own inclinations he would have ordered Jesus immediately to be put to death, but though proud of his royal dignity, yet he was afraid of committing an act that might diminish his influence with Caesar.

Herod called on me one day at the praetorium, and on rising to take leave, after some insignificant conversation, he asked

me what was my opinion concerning the Nazarene. I replied that Jesus appeared to me to be one of those great philosophers that great nations sometimes produce; that his doctrine was by no means sacrilegious, and that the intention of Rome was to leave him that freedom of speech which was justified by his actions. Herod smiled maliciously, and saluting me with ironical respect, he departed.

The great feast of the Jews was approaching, and their intention was to avail themselves of the popular exultation which always manifests itself at the solemnities of a passover. The city was overflowing with a tumultuous populace clamoring for the death of the Nazarene. My emissaries informed me that the treasure of the Temple had been employed in bribing the people. The danger was pressing. A Roman centurion had been insulted.

I wrote to the Prefect of Syria, requesting a hundred foot soldiers, and the same number of cavalry. He declined. I saw myself alone, with a handful of veterans, in the midst of a rebellious city, too weak to suppress a disorder, and having no other choice left but to tolerate it. They had seized upon Jesus, and the seditious rabble although they had nothing to fear from the Praetorium, believing in the faith of their leaders, that I winked at their sedition, continued vociferating "crucify him!"

Three powerful parties had combined together at that time against Jesus. First the Herodians and the Sadducees, whose seditious conduct seemed to have proceeded from double motive. They hated the Nazarene, and were impatient of the Roman yoke. They could never forget me for having entered their holy city with banners that bore the image of the Roman Emperor, and although in this instance I had committed a fatal error, yet the sacrifice did not appear less heinous in their eyes. Another grievance also rankled in their bosoms. I had proposed to employ a part of the treasure of the Temple in erecting edifices of public utility. My proposal was scolded at. The Pharisees were the avowed enemies of Jesus. They cared not for the government, but they bore with bitterness the severe reprimands which the Nazarene, for three years, had been contentedly throwing out against them wherever he went. Too weak and pusillanimous to act by themselves, they had eagerly embraced the quarrels of Herod and the Sadducees. Besides these three parties, I had to contend against the reckless and profligate populace, always ready to join a sedition and to profit by the disorder and confusion that resulted therefrom.

Jesus was dragged before the council of the priests and condemned to death. It was then that the High Priest, Caiaphas performed a devious act of submission. He sent his prisoner to me to pronounce his condemnation and secure his execution. I answered him that as Jesus was a Galilean, the affair came in Herod's jurisdiction, and ordered Jesus to be sent thither.

The wily Tetrarch professed humility, and protesting his preference for the lieutenant of Caesar, he committed the fate of the man to my hands. Soon my place assumed the aspect of a besieged citadel, every moment increased the numbers of the seditious. Jerusalem was inundated with crowds from the mountains of Nazareth. All Judea appeared to be pouring into the devoted city.

I had taken a wife, a girl from among the Gauls, who pretended to see in futurity. Weeping, and throwing herself at my feet, "beware," said she to me, "beware and touch not that man, for he is holy. Last night I saw him in a vision—he was walking on the waters—he was flying on the wings of the wind. He spoke to the tempest, to the palm trees, to the fishes of the lake—all were obedient to him. Behold! The torrent Mount Kolran flows with blood; the statues of Caesar are filled with the filth of gonorrhea, the columns of the Iterium have given way, and the sun is veiled in mourning like a vestal in the tomb. O! Pilate, evil awaits thee. If thou wilt not listen to the vows of thy wife, dread the curse of a Roman Senate—dread the frowns of Caesar."

By this time, the marble stairs groaned under the weight of the multitude. The Nazarene was brought back to me. I proceeded to the Hall of Justice, followed by my guard, and asked the people, in a severe tone, what they demanded. "The death of the Nazarene," was their reply. "For what crime?" "He has blasphemed; he has prophesied the ruin of the temple; he calls himself the son of God—the Messiah—the King of the Jews." "Roman justice," said I, "punishes not such offences with death." "Crucify him, crucify him," yelled forth the relentless rabble. The vociferations of the infuriated mob shook the palace to its foundations. There was but one who appeared to be calm in the midst of the vast multitude. It was the Nazarene. After many fruitless attempts to protect him from the fury of the merciless prosecutors, I had the baseness to adopt a measure, which at the moment appeared to be the only one that could save his life.

I ordered him to be scourged, then calling for an ever, I washed my hands in the presence of the clamorous multitude, thereby signifying to them my disapproval of the deed.

But, in rain, it was his life that these wretches thirsted after. Often in our civil commotions, I have witnessed the furious animosity of the multitude, but nothing could be compared to what I beheld in the present instance. It might have been truly said that on this occasion, all the phantoms of the infernal regions had assembled at Jerusalem. The crowd appeared not to walk; they are borne off, and whirled as a vortex rolling along like living waves, from the portals of the Praetorium even unto Mount Zion, with howling screams, shrieks and vociferations, such as were never heard in the seditions of Pannonia, or in the tumult of the Forum.

By degrees the day darkened like a winter twilight, such as had been at the death of the great Julius Caesar. It was likewise toward the idea of March. I, the continued Governor of a rebellious province, was leaning against a column of my basilic, contemplating the dreary gloom these flocks of Tartarus dragging to execution the innocent Nazarene.

All around me was desert; Jerusalem had vacated forth her indwellers through the funeral gate that leads to the Gemonia. An air of desolation and sadness enveloped me. My guards had joined the cavalry, and the centurion, to display a shadow of power, was endeavoring to maintain order. I was left alone, and my breaking heart admonished me, that what was passing at that moment appertained rather to the history of the gods than to that of man. Loud clamors were heard proceeding from Golgotha, which borne on the winds appeared to announce an agony such as never had been heard by mortal ear. Dark clouds lowered over the pinnacle of the Temple, and large mephitic fumes settled over the city and covered it as with a veil. So dreadful were the signs that were manifested, both in the heavens and on the earth, that Dionysius, the Areopagite, is reported to have exclaimed, "Either the Author of Nature is suffering or the Universe is falling apart."

Towards the first hour of the night I threw my mantle around me, and went down into the city toward the gate of Golgotha. The sacrifices was consummated. The crowd was returning home still agitated, it is true, but gloomy, taciturn and desperate. What they had witnessed had struck them with terror and remorse.

I also saw my little Roman cohort pass by mournfully, the standard bearer having veiled his eagle in token of grief, and I overheard some of the soldiers murmuring strange words, which I did not comprehend. Others were recounting prodigies almost similar to those which had so often smote the Romans with dismay by the will of the gods. Sometimes groups of men and women would halt, then looking backward toward Mount Calvary, would remain motionless, in expectation of witnessing some new prodigy.

I returned to the Praetorium, sad and pensive. On ascending the stairs, the steps of which were still stained with the blood of the Nazarene, I perceived an old man in a suppliant posture, and behind him several women, in tears. He threw himself at my feet and wept bitterly.—It is painful to see an old man weep. "Father," said I to him mildly, "who are you, and what is your request?" "I am Joseph of Arimathea," replied he, "and am come to beg of you upon my knees, the permission to bury Jesus of Nazareth." "Your prayer is granted," said I to him and at the same time ordered Manlius to take some soldiers with him, to superintend the interment lest it should be profaned. A few days after a sepulchre was found empty. The disciples of Jesus published all over the country that Jesus had risen from the dead, as I had foretold.

A last day remained for me to perform; it was to communicate to Caesar the details of this deplorable event. I did it on the same night that followed the fatal catastrophe, and had just finished the communication when day began to dawn.

At that moment the sound of clarions, playing the air of *Mars*, struck my ear. Casting my eye toward the Caesarean gate, beheld a troop of soldiers, and heard, at a distance, other trumpets sounding Caesar's march. It was the reinforcement that had been promised me—two thousand chosen men—who to hasten the arrival, had marched all night. "It is then decreed by the Fates," cried, wringing my hands, "that the great inquiry should be accomplished—that for the purpose of averting the deeds of yesterday, troops should arrive to-day! Cruel destiny, how thou sportest with the affairs of mortals! It was but too true, what the Nazarene exclaimed, when writhing on the cross—'*All is consummated.*'"

CLEAN WORK.—Horace Mann, in a recent address, said: "We, who live at the West, boast of our great rivers of water. I would much prefer that we should boast of using a tub full of it every day."

FLOWERS! SWEET FLOWERS!

BY INVALID.

Flowers! sweet flowers! those radiant gems
That deck the earth's broad crown;
Like jewels set in diadems
Upon the brow of renown!
Those priceless gifts which bounteous Heaven
Alike to the rich and poor have given;
And with a free and generous hand
Profusely strewn o'er every land!
Throbs there a heart on the broad sphere,
Whom they've no soothing balm to cheer!

Flowers! sweet flowers! by Heaven ordained,
His holy word to preach,
Have oft the hearts an access gained,
Whom sages could not reach.
Apostles they divinely sent,
Though mute their tongues, still eloquent,
Who, to the creature's sinful heart,
The great Creator's truth impart;
And bind his heart with cords of love,
In hope of bliss in realms above.

Flowers! sweet flowers! we always bring,
To deck the bride so gay;
And while the festive sonnets sing,
Upon the altar lay.
And loving hands with tender care
Braid lilies in her raven hair;
And on her breast a rosebud place,
To mock the lints upon her face;
By angels borne from Heaven above;
And as their charms refresh his breast,
He sinks in slumber and to rest.

Flowers! sweet flowers! we sometimes spread,
Upon the stricken sufferer's bed,
And 'round his cheerless room:
And as he feasts his ravished eye,
Upon the gems which round him lie,
He fancies them but buds of love;
By angels borne from Heaven above;
And as their charms refresh his breast,
He sinks in slumber and to rest.

Flowers! sweet flowers! when death's pale
To dying saints appear;
We gather from the flowery mead,
To scatter on their bier;
And on the damp and new-made mound,
May smiling flowers oft be found,
Which friends transplanted with gentle care,
Mementos of the love they bear.
Which o'er the dead their vigils keep,
Throughout their long and dreamless sleep.
Elin Cottage, Va.

THEY THAT SEEK ME EARLY, SHALL FIND ME.

BY G. L. NIKER.

While yet you tread the youthful way,
This kind assurance hear;
Hear it while it is called to-day,
Seek Him while He is near.
For now you need not seek in vain,
His words this truth declare:
But scorn His love, and endless pain
May be what you must bear.

Why will you chase earth's gilded toys
That lure you but to woe,
When you may share immortal joys,
And the Redeemer know?
There's not one charm in earthly bowers
That tempts you with its bloom,
But sooner fade than summer flowers
That grow upon the tomb.

Ambition points to Glory's ray,
And Riches splendid seem;
These take their wings and fly away,
While that is but a dream.
And Pleasure tells, with ruddy lips,
Her cup is all in all,
Yet those who take repeated sips,
Will find it turns to gall.

Be warned by those who learn too late
The value of the soul;
Who grovel in this sinful state,
And strive not for the goal.
Make Christ your friend before the bloom
Hath passed from life away,
Then you shall share, beyond the tomb,
His love in endless day.

THE END OF TIME.

BY T. L. DURHAM.

Immortal thoughts that wander
through time into eternity, musing on
the scenes of the world's last day, re-
sume a tone of melancholy numbers to
sing a requiem over the grave of Time.
What is that which awakes the sense
with such painful anxiety and intense
admiration? It is a voice which says;
the song of mirth and revelry is passed;
the jubilee is ended and the sun
in the heavens is beginning to fade.

The great day of God and the Lamb
is come; the harvest of the earth is
fully ripe, and the angels are flying
with their rustling plumes amid the
skies, coming to gather the harvest of
the earth. What thunders are these
that shake the world's deep founda-
tions? Why do the lamps of heaven,
the starry train abandon their orbs,
rushing with dreadful coalitions in mid
air, fall like blasted figs from their im-
perial stations? It is the Messiah's
second advent, coming to take ven-
geance on them that know him not,
and to make up his jewels in the earth.

The angels of death incessantly flap
their deadly wings and soar through
the troubled air, while the mountains
rock and the moon grows sick, and all
the stars of heaven feebly burn—the
long loud Thunder utters his voice res-
ponsive to the ocean's troubled wave.
Night comes, the last long dark night
which has neither star nor moon be-
yond it, such as never before witnessed
by men.

Bashan, Carmel and Lebanon with
all its cedars weep and mourn. The
sun that has long gloried in his strength
from age to age, fulfilling his mission
in the skies, now veils himself in dark-
ness, and tells the moon to weep—tells
the nations—tells the clouds that sit
about the portals of the east, waiting
to greet his early dawn—tells man and
all creation to come and see him fold
up his beams and set behind eternity.

"STARS! WALKING ON THE PAVEMENT OF THE SKIES, OUTSENTINELS OF HEAVEN, WATCHING THE EARTH, CEASE DANCING NOW; YOUR LAMPS ARE GROWING DIM, YOUR GRAVES ARE DUG AMONG THE DISMAL CLOUDS, AND ANGELS ARE ASSEMBLING ROUND YOUR BIER! NATURE DIES, AND GOD AND ANGELS COME TO LAY HER IN THE GRAVE."

A "HARD SHELL" SERMON.

The following, together with the well known sermon on the Harpe of a Thousand Strings," has been lately published in England as a veritable specimen of the backwoods of the United States:

"Beloved brethering, I'm the man
what preached the sermon which has been
printed in the papers, from the text, 'And
he played on a harp uv a thousand strings—
spirits uv just men made perfect.' I
mount as well say I don't take pride in
things uv that sort, for in the language uv
my text for tu day—I'm an awful sinner,
the chief among ten thousand, and the one
altergether luvly.

"Then is the words which you'll find
in Genesee, I'm gwine to preach with-
out notes, 'kase I cant rite, and 'kase I
couldn't read k ef I could; my notes are
bank notes, uv which I have a pocket full,
and notes of hand, which I shall give to
our squire to collect, when I gets back to
Indianny, fur—I'm an awful sinner, the
chief among ten thousand, and the one
altergether luvly.

"This text, my brethering, can be de-
vided into three pieces—first—second—
third. First, I'm an awful sinner. That
means you individually, not me personally.
There are more sins nor one. It's a
sin to drink water and catch the ague
where a little spirit will keep you in good
health—'tis a sin to steal, unless you steal
away—'tis a sin to swear, unless you
swear and sin not—'tis a sin to lie, unless
you lie low and keep dark. Pride is sin.
Sam is proud of their larnin; thank God
I've none to be proud of—for I'm an awful
sinner, the chief among ten thousand, and
the one altergether luvly.

"Second. 'Chief among ten thousand.'
That's different kind of chiefs. Thars
the mischief, the chief of sinners, and the
Cayuga Chief. The mischief means the
Old Boy, what keeps the fire free below,
and lets poor folks suffer in the cold here
on airt. The chief of sinners means you,
you warf rats, arter-de-mellons, amfussus
animals what lives here about the canal.
Look at them ere horses rise up in judg-
ment again you, high uv bone, low uv
flesh, tuff hides and short memories; hear
the crows cawing, fur they know that whar
the canal is thar will the crows be gathered.

The Cayuga Chief is a feller whar
pitches into my frens, the spirit dealers,
and my other frens, the State Prison of-
ficers. He is one uv our cold water men
who goes for the prohibition law whar
Governor Seymour voted. If 'twarn
Sunday I should behoory for Seymour—
for I'm an awful sinner, the chief among
ten thousand, and the one altergether luvly.

"Thirdly. 'Altergether luvly.' Dif-
ferent things is luvly. When my boat
swims like a duck, I say she am luvly—
when my wife gives me no certain lec-
tures, (she has the gift of tongues as well
as myself,) I say she am luvly—when the
wind don't blow and it don't rain, and it
don't nothin', I say the day am luvly—
for I'm an awful sinner, the chief among
ten thousand, and the one altergether luvly.

"In conclusion, brethering, if that big
pile uv stuns was one stun, what a big
stun it would be; if you, my brethering,
were one bruther, what a big bruther
you'd be, and if my big bruther should
fling that big stun into the canal, what
at great big splash that would make—for
I'm an awful sinner, the chief among ten
thousand, and the one altergether luvly.

"My brethering, I want to give notice
there will be some carryings on at this
place next Sunday afternoon, at half-past
four, when I shall prove the doctrine that
uv all the shells in the world, the hard
shells am the thickest and the best—for
I'm an awful sinner, the chief among ten
thousand, and the one altergether luvly.

"I shall prove that book laroin's aint of
no use, my brethering, that ritin' ser-
mons and gettin' a celeri for um is a sin
that deserves indemoniation—for I'm an
awful sinner, the chief among ten thousand
and the one altergether luvly.

"Brethering, let us liquor, and then go
lawn, remembering the words of the profit:
Be sure you're right, then go ahead."

INTERESTING TO DENTISTS AND THEIR
PATIENTS.—Dr. J. B. Francis of Phila-
delphia, has invented what he calls a gal-
vanic forceps, which is intended as a relief
to the pain of extracting teeth. It is a
combination of the ordinary forceps, with
a galvanic arrangement attached, whereby
the nerve of the tooth may be charged
with the galvanic influence and its sen-
sibility be suspended. In this condition
the extraction will be without the pain
usually accompanying the drawing of a
tooth in a high state of inflammation.

THE TIMES.
GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.
ADVERTISING.
One square (12 lines) first insertion \$1.00
Each additional week 25 cents. The following
amplified rates will be made in favor of standing
advertisements:
One square, 3 months, \$3.00; 6 months, \$5.00; 1 year, \$8.00
Two squares, 3 months, \$5.00; 6 months, \$8.00; 1 year, \$12.00
Three squares, 3 months, \$7.00; 6 months, \$11.00; 1 year, \$16.00
Half column, 3 months, \$10.00; 6 months, \$16.00; 1 year, \$24.00
Professional and business cards, not exceeding
six lines—per month, \$1.00.

THOMAS NOON TALFOURD.
To never cease diligence more than to
genius is man indebted for any great suc-
cess in life. But never attempting public
notice until success blazes forth his name
to the world, the young and often the old
are apt to overlook the close alliance of the
present with the days of past unceasing
effort.

To dissipate this erroneous impression,
which if entertained, is so ruinous in its
character, is one of the great uses of bio-
graphy. And a better example than the
wholesome name of this article, is seldom
found. Though an Englishman, his genial
personal qualities, his rare attainments as
a scholar, and his integrity and disinter-
estedness in public life, have made his name
a household word around the American
hearth. Of his life we gather the following
brief items.

The Judge was of humble origin. His
father, Edward Talfourd, was a brewer,
he lived at Reading, in Berkshire, which
town Talfourd afterward represented in the
House of Commons. His mother was the
daughter of a dissenting minister, Thomas
Noon. The future judge and dramatic
poet was born on the 26th of Jan., 1795.
From his youth upward he showed his pos-
session of the literary temperament. But
the disposition was not encouraged. The
atmosphere of dissent was about the young
poet. His reading was restrained; Shaks-
peare was banned from the home in which
he lived; and the only dramatic works to
which he had access were Hannah More's
attenuated "Sacred Dramas." In after
life and in the fullness of his fame, the
poet always spoke of Hannah More with
gratitude; and the influence of her man-
ner is perceptible in his most celebrated
passages.

In 1821 he was called to the bar, and
joined the Oxford Circuit. Next year he
married—his wife being Miss Rutt, the
daughter of Mr. John T. Rutt, of Clifton.
As his family increased rapidly, the poet
felt that the Barister must have his way
among the realities of life. By steady la-
bor, by unceasing application, even more
than by his natural gifts, he rose in his
profession. For some years he almost closed
his eyes to the blandishment of letters.
He was busy with cases, abstracts, prece-
dents, acts of Parliament, and rulings of
the courts of law. He had his reward.
His assiduity gave him power and wealth,
and power and wealth led him up to hon-
ors. In 1833, after twelve years' devotion
to the drudgeries of his profession, he found
himself in a position to which drudgery
was no longer necessary. He then got his
slit-gown. As Serjeant Talfourd he had
to do battle as a leader in his profession;
his income increased, without calling for a
corresponding sacrifice of time; and then
—but not till then—he turned once more
to his old love and became a candidate for
poetic laurels. What an example to the
young, the unplaced, the aspiring man of
genius!

Having earned his rank by hard indus-
try, success waited on him like a shadow.
He entered Parliament in 1835 for his na-
tive town; he composed his tragedy of
"Ion," the "Athenian," "Glencoe," and
many others. To complete our story of
his literary labors, we must add that he
published a "Vacation Rambles," a lively,
picturesque, and pleasant record of travel;
a "Life of Charles Lamb," an essay on
the "Greek Drama," at an early period a
biographical memoir of Mrs. Rudcliffe,
with many other works known and un-
known. His critical and miscellaneous
writings in reviews and magazines were
numerous and distinguished at all times
by an elegant and flowing style.

Talfourd was a member of Parliament a-
bout eight years. His first period of pub-
lic service extended from 1835, when he
succeeded Mr. Palmer in the representa-
tion of Reading, to 1841, when he
was ousted by the Tory candidates; his
second, from his re-election in 1847 up to
the date of his elevation to the Bench in
1849. His success in the new sphere was
not striking; but his forensic renown gave
him the ear of the House. The poet died,
of apoplexy, at Stafford, while delivering
his charge to the grand jury in 1854. He
was speaking of the increase of crime—of
the neglect of the rich, the ignorance of
the poor—of the want of a closer knowl-
edge and more vital sympathy between
classes and classes—and of the thousand
social evils which arise from that unhappy
and unnatural estrangement of human in-
terests—when his face flushed and he bent
forward on his desk, almost as if he judge
were bowed in prayer by some sharp and
empowering emotion. A moment more,
and the bystanders saw him swoon, as it
were already senseless. He was dying,
calmly and happily. In a few seconds he
was gone—and all that was mortal of the
poet was carried into the Judges' Cham-
bers and there laid down in breathless awe.
There was something almost epic in the
simplicity and solemnity of his end.

Talfourd rose unaided to very high hon-
ors from the middle rank of life. He was
not, of course, patient labor and incessant indus-
try, the desired vintage ground from which
he drew his various and remarkable powers.
He was a brilliant advocate, an ora-
tor, supported by few, but he was connected

with a name as a legislator with two impor-
tant acts of Parliament; he was a liberal
and earnest politician; he was a working
man of letters, a subtle critic, a successful
dramatic poet; he was a judge as compe-
tent to his high functions, and conscientious
in discharging them, as any who has
worn the ermine. But it is not in any of
these characters his memory is now most
dear to those to whom he was most inti-
mately known. Notwithstanding such var-
ied successes, and the rank to which they
bore him, there was that in the man him-
self which was far beyond them all. He
never sunk in his transitory vocation what
in his nature was permanent and noblest.
He did not forget what a man should live
for, that he might the better succeed in
life. Never in any human being we have
known were such rare intellectual quali-
ties neighbored by so sweet a temper, by
manners so modest and unpretending, by
a more kindly sympathy with all just pur-
suits and innocent enjoyments, by a more
perpetual radiance of good and generous
thoughts. In him it was not possible that
mere worldly success or a selfish and sat-
isfied ambition should "freeze the genial
currents of the soul." There remained
with him to the last the great art of living
happily by the great means of diffusing
happiness.

Religious Privileges of Slaves.

For the satisfaction of our Geneva
friends, and others at a distance, says
the Charleston Courier, who having no
poor or needy objects at home, are di-
recting their superfluous sympathies
towards us of the South, we shall take
a glance occasionally at the labors in
progress for the promotion of the religious
privileges and instruction of the ser-
vants of our section.

In reference to one such "Mission,"
near the city of Charleston, the Rev.
A. R. Danner writes to the Southern
Christian Advocate:

"We have peace and prosperity through-
out this mission, this year particularly.—
We have had very interesting meetings at
all of the appointments, now reduced to
three, and hope to have but two, by build-
ing a church in a proper place, thus col-
lecting finally all our little congregations,
that used to be five, into two large con-
gregations, where we can have time and
strength to attend to all business in a pro-
fitable and proper manner. We number
about 400 members colored, and 20 whites,
and catechise about 60 children."

The author of "Letters from the
South," to the Boston Courier, writes
under date of July, 1857, from Rich-
mond, Va.:

"Is not our Northern charity at fault
in its judgment of our Southern colored
and white brethren? There is in this
city, Richmond, a church composed ex-
clusively of colored members, which num-
ber at least 2500 communicants. The
Rev. Dr. Ryland, President of the Baptist
College, has the oversight of this church,
though not stately preaching to it. Go
into their spacious house of worship on
the Sabbath, and you will find it filled
to the utmost with a congregation as respec-
tably clad, as reverend, devout and de-
corous in their worship, as you will find
any Northern congregation, save in their
singing, and in responding to what in-
terests their simple minds and warm hearts.
As to their ability to read, I learned this
fact; that Dr. Ryland found in singing
from memory, that not knowing the
words of their hymns correctly, they did
not articulate their right. To correct this,
he had an addition of 1500 copies of their
most favorite hymns published for their
special use, but found he had not enough
to supply a copy to each one who could
read."

It is well known that it is common for
servants in families in the South especially
long resident in cities, to be readers, and
that, on many plantations, the wives of
the masters and their daughters devote a
portion of the Sabbath to teaching their
servants to read the scriptures. The law
does not allow colored children to be
worked on the farm till 12 years of age,
nor adults on Saturday afternoon nor on
the Sabbath. Some masters employ teachers
for these children in these years. No law
of any slave State forbids masters to teach
their slaves, nor to have them taught by
teachers the masters approve. The law
gives them the power to decide who may
teach their servants, just as Northern laws
give power to the Northern parent to
decide who may teach his own children."

NORTH CAROLINA PRINTING PAPER.
—A correspondent of the Petersburg Ex-
press, writing on board of the steamer
Roanoke, at Portsmouth, Va., says: To my
surprise the Roanoke took on here a-
bout three hundred bundles of paper all
manufactured in North Carolina, and ship-
ped to the port of New York via Port-
smouth. But the strangest idea con-
nected with this transaction is the fact,
that the most of it is sold to and consumed
by Greeley, in printing that freedom
shrieking sheet the Tribune. It is said
by some that Greeley married in Warren-
ton, North Carolina, and therefore, has
some sympathy remaining for the Old
North State. This may be assigned as a
reason for his purchasing printing paper
from a slave State; but the true secret of
the matter doubtless is, that Greeley gets
it a little cheaper than he could in the
free States; and where money enters into
any transaction with a Yankee
Abolitionist is connected, you may take it
for granted that the pecuniary considera-
tion will outweigh every other. Love for
negroes, country, and all things else, must
give way for the love of unnamable.

VALUABLE TABLE.
Few reads can be so safe, as they
have had occasion to do so, and have
much labor or research is often saved by
such a table as the following:

1607—Virginia settled by the English.
1614—New York settled by the Dutch.
1620—Massachusetts settled by Puritans.
1621—New Jersey settled by the Dutch.
1627—Delaware settled by Steeds & Finns.
1635—Maryland settled by Irish Catholics.
1636—Connecticut settled by the Puritans.
1636—Rhode Island settled by Roger Williams.
1650—N. Carolina settled by the English.
1670—S. Carolina settled by the Huguenots.
1682—Pennsylvania settled by Wm. Penn.
1791—Kentucky admitted into the Union.
1791—Vermont admitted into the Union.
1792—Kentucky admitted into the Union.
1796—Tennessee admitted into the Union.
1802—Ohio admitted into the Union.
1811—Louisiana admitted into the Union.
1816—Indiana admitted into the Union.
1817—Mississippi admitted into the Union.
1818—Illinois admitted into the Union.
1819—Alabama admitted into the Union.
1820—Maine admitted into the Union.
1821—Missouri admitted into the Union.
1836—Michigan admitted into the Union.
1836—Arkansas admitted into the Union.
1845—Florida admitted into the Union.
1845—Texas admitted into the Union.
1740—Iowa admitted into the Union.
1848—Wisconsin admitted into the Union.
1850—California admitted into the Union.

Severe Storm in Wilmington.

The Wilmington papers for Monday
have the details of the severest storm
that has devastated that town since
1837. The Journal says—

"On Saturday at noon, when we closed
our paper, the storm showed no signs of
abatement, but on the contrary, seemed to
grow worse as the day wore on. The rain
descended in heavy sheets, fiercely
dashed about by the wind, and no man-
ner of covering appeared adequate to afford
protection from its violence; even houses
that never leaked before leaked on the
afternoon and night of Saturday. Some
assert that the rain was driven through
brick walls—certain it is that dampness
appeared on the inside of the walls of
brick buildings, while every crevice and
cranny was searched out and found
through which the beating rain
might find an entrance. Under doors,
over doors, by the heads of windows, at
all manner of places, possible and impossible,
did the wet come in. Between eight or
nine o'clock and midnight, on Saturday,
the gale seemed to have reached its height.
Before midnight, it had changed round
from Northeast to West, from which last
point it blew for a time with considerable
violence, and then gradually sunk away."

"The appearance of things on Sunday
morning was striking. It looked as though
everything that could be blown down, was
down. Fences were prostrated in all di-
rections, and the streets filled with the limbs
and bodies of trees up-rooted or twisted
off. At one point we noticed eight good-
sized trees thrown together in a heap.
Hundreds of China trees are no more, and
very few Mulberries or Willows are left
standing. We have heard of only two
Oaks blown over, although there may be
more. The amount of damage one way or
another, must be very considerable. In
the aggregate, it must come up to thou-
sands. *****

"The steamer Spray started down
to Smithville on Saturday, with several pas-
sengers aboard, and, we are somewhat
surprised to learn, several citizens with
their families. When she got down to
Orton, the tiller chain snapped like a
thread, with the force of the waves, and
she fell into the trough without any con-
trol. It was a moment of extreme peril.
But the Captain met the emergency prom-
ptly and got out all her anchors and brought
her up straight. It was then doubtful
whether she could ride out the storm and
it was a question with the passengers
whether to go ashore in the life-boat while
it was day-light, or wait until the Spray,
which, spite of her anchors, was drifting
should get nearer the land. It was feared
that when she grounded, she must go to
pieces. However, it was decided to stick
to the Steamer, and when she did ground
about 8 o'clock, the blow had somewhat
abated, and she stood up nobly, not ap-
pearing a plank, or leaking a drop after sev-
eral hours' thumping."

The passengers remained in her till four
o'clock on Sunday afternoon, when she
again floated, with the full tide. The
Spray has risen greatly in public estima-
tion. We ought to add, and to please
in addition, that all the passengers speak
in the highest terms of the boldness and
efficiency of Captain Price, and of Mr. B.
W. Beery, who was on board as a passen-
ger."

The Herald says:
"On the sea coast this gale was terribly
severe. Down at Writtsville Sound the
waters of the sea swayed over the differ-
ent sand-banks and masses, covering them
all. The scene is presented to have been
grand. It looked as though the ocean,
lashed to fury by the winds, was careering
onward in irresistible billows to the main
land. The tip of course, rose to a very
unusual height, and swept away, like
chaff, several of the bathing and boat
houses of the resident inhabitants. Boats
were washed out of these latter and land-
ed high on the shore. The "Ocean
House," situated on the Banks next to the
sea, the spot rendered famous as the scene
of the Equinox, was carried by the re-
lentless waves, and we suppose the
fragments thereof, if not landed at dis-
tant points are drifting about on voy-
ages of discovery. The damage to the
sailing vessels has been very extensive.
Such particulars as we have been able to
collect, tell a sad story of wreck and pri-
vation, but apply we have no loss of life
chronicle. The loss of the Bark Colin

Mellae, a new and beautiful vessel, owned
principally here, is especially to be regret-
ted. She had but just reached the bar
on her homeward trip from England, and
in endeavoring to ride out the gale, parted
chains and went ashore."

**ACCOMPLISHMENT OF THE GREAT PE-
DESTRIAN FEAT.**—At 2 1/2 o'clock this
morning, James Lambert accomplished his
task of walking 1000 miles in 1000
consecutive hours, at Boylston Hall, and
thereby completed one of the most remark-
able feats in pedestrianism upon record.
Such a contempt for the demands of na-
ture as he has evinced during this trial,
taxing his energies to their utmost in the
endeavor to perform a deed which all
reasonable people would justly consider
impossible, has excited more than usual in-
terest for his undertaking. He commenced
at 10 A. M., on Tuesday, July 28th,
and, as stated, retired *sine die* from the
ring this morning shortly after 2 o'clock,
having walked one mile in every hour for
nearly 42 days. His fatigue two weeks
since was so great that even his friends
abandoned all hope of his success, but he
was "on his muscles," and, as he affirmed,
"would walk until he fell upon the track."
Within the last few days that weariness
and stupor has greatly increased, and in
walking his mile, after being aroused from
slumber only after great exertion he would
stagger and exhibit other signs of extreme
lassitude. He was in this state upon the
completion of the last mile.

The number of spectators throughout
the day, yesterday, was very large, and at
even the late (or early) hour to which the
completion of the affair was brought this
morning, there were crowds in attendance.
He made his first mile in about 10 min-
utes and his last in over double that time.
At the signal which signified the termina-
tion of the 1000th mile, the pedestrian
was warmly cheered, and the company fol-
lowed his example by retiring to their
various places of rest. It is said that
Lambert will receive about \$2000 as the
result of this affair. The parties betting
against him are New Yorkers, and they
have had present here two representatives
who alternated in "seeing fair play."

As Lambert will now have an oppor-
tunity of answering the requirements of
his exhausted condition, it will be neces-
sary to use the greatest care in regard to
him for fear that he should sleep forever.
His physician prescribes a thorough wash-
ing and exercise after every three hours'
rest, and by a strict adherence to this
treatment it is hoped that Lambert may
regain his former strength. Since he
commenced walking he has lost fourteen
pounds of flesh, and now weighs but one
hundred and thirteen pounds.—Boston
Post, 9th.

GOVERNOR OF NEW MEXICO.—The
Hon. Abraham Reimer, of Chatham, in this
State, repaired to Washington a few days
since for his final instructions as Governor
of New Mexico. His family has been for
a week or two in Philadelphia. We learn
that he expects to proceed to Santa Fe,
the capital of New Mexico, from St.
Louis by the Santa Fe route. He will be
some six or eight weeks making the jour-
ney. His eldest son will probably
be his private Secretary.

We have already spoken of the fitness
of this appointment, and of our gratifica-
tion at this mark of confidence and favor
bestowed by the President on a North-
Carolinian. Grey (Bench) will bear with
him to his new and distant home the best
wishes of many friends.—Standard.

COMPULSORY TEMPERANCE.—On the
first day of Gilmer court, last week,
the Grand Jury refused to find indict-
ments against spirits, (the county court
having refused to grant license),
whereupon, Mr. Llan, the Prosecuting At-
torney, for that county, made application
for new Grand Jury to be empaneled,
which the court granted. This second
Grand Jury found eleven indictments.—
The members of the bar were all sum-
moned as witnesses, five of whom refused
to testify, upon the grounds of "conscien-
tious scruples." Whereupon a rule was
entered, and these talented, but unfor-
tunate disciples of Blackstone, have to ap-
pear at the next circuit court to answer an
indictment.—Richmond Whig.

STYCHININE.—While we were in Ashe-
ville, a few weeks since, a man partook
of a single drink of whiskey at a liquor hole.
In some five minutes he was prostrated and
would have died in a few minutes, had not
a physician succeeded in extracting the
stuff from his stomach. We understood
that the doctor pronounced it a clear case
of strychnine poisoning. There are hundreds
of such cases occurring, but the warning is
little heeded. It seems that men will
drink, although they know that poison and
the devil are both in the cup.—Spirit of
the Age.

ALL SHIPPED.—The whole of the iron
for the Atlantic and North Carolina rail-
road has been shipped. The last cargo
has recently been shipped from Wals to
Beaufort direct, for the contract of the
eastern division of the road.

One thousand tons have been shipped
from New York for Mr. Washington, on
the western division.
We may now hope for a speedy comple-
tion of the road, so far as to admit of the
running of the train through by 1st of
May next—with two months' grace, and
perhaps earlier.—Kinston Advocate.

SELLING OUT COUNTIES.—James F.
Latham, administrator of David Allison,
advertiser for sale at the court house door
in Newbern, on Monday of September
Term, the following immense quantities
of land:—

In Cumberland County, about two
hundred and sixty thousand, seven hun-
dred acres.

In Onslow County, about two hundred
and ten thousand two hundred and sixty
acres.

In Brunswick County, about forty five
thousand one hundred and eighty four
acres.

In Jones County, about one hundred
and twenty three thousand and sixty nine
acres.

In Robeson County, about one hundred
and twenty four thousand nine hundred
and forty acres which, taken collectively,
make up the immense sum of seven hun-
dred and sixty four thousand one hun-
dred and fifty three (764,153) acres, or
over three quarters of a million of acres.
All of which lands David Allison is said
to have died seized.

We have no means at hand of ascertain-
ing the superficial area of the counties in
which these lands lie, but it is evident
they must cover a large space in each of
them. Cumberland, we know, is a large
county, but if you take out of it 200
plantations of 1000 acres each, you will
make a considerable gap, and so of the
others.—Goldboro Tribune.

DEATH OF DR. WILLIAM WINANS.—
Although the death of this venerable min-
ister of the Gospel had been long looked
for, as a probable event, yet the tidings of
it will cause great grief and sorrow in the
circle of acquaintance which called him
friend; in the community which looked
to him with pride and admiration; and
in that church, of which he was so promi-
nent a minister.

Dr. Winans was born in Pennsylvania,
Nov. 8, 1788. Nearly half a century of
his long life has been devoted to the service
of the Methodist Church; during thirty-
four years of which period, he has been
a prominent actor in all its interests. In
1812 he came to Mississippi as a Mission-
ary, and from that time he has left his
mark, as a man of great mental vigor,
of high moral courage, and of unblemished
character. His death occurred on Monday
evening, August 31, at 4 o'clock; his
illness having been protracted and most
painful.

We learn that his journal and papers
will pass into the hands of the Rev. W.
H. Watkins as his literary executor, and
will be found to be replete with most im-
portant additions to the ecclesiastical history
of this section of country; especially that
portion of it which belongs peculiarly to
an early date, a sketch of Dr. Winans'
life and character, which we will give at
once to our readers.—Natchez Courier,
2d inst.

THE SUGAR PROSPECT.—Sugar con-
tinues to decline. It has reached a fall-
ing off of three cents per pound, from the
highest point, and the bottom has not yet
been touched. The loss upon the amount
stored in New York alone is estimated at
something like seven millions of dollars.
The loss on the whole stock in Europe and
the United States, is supposed to be not
less than fifty millions of dollars. The
fall will yet go much farther, twice as far,
we hope. The fact is that the crops of
sugar promise to be good. Louisiana will
produce fully twice as much as it did last
year. Cuba and Brazil promise equally
well, and there can be no reason for the
maintenance of famine prices for sugar
and molasses. People will get to growing
Sorghum and using "long sweetening,"
rather than longer submit to the uncon-
scionable extortion practised on them for
some time past. Sorghum is fairly on the
road to be a permanent addition to our
agriculture in the Southern States. Nei-
ther the amount nor quality of the juice will
justify its cultivation north of Mason &
Dixon's line, where the sugarcane matter
is not fully developed from the imperfect
ripening of the plant. The cane was first
brought to France from China, and experi-
ments there and in Algeria have shown
that it does not yield remuneratively in a
Northern climate, while it does in a South-
ern one. Indeed, it is even said that af-
ter a few generations North, it will lose its
distinctive properties as a sugar-producer,
and degenerate into the ordinary millet,
or broom-corn.—Wm. Journal.

WAKE FOREST COLLEGE.—We are
pleased to find the usual number of stu-
dents in attendance this session. In the
collegiate department there has been an
increase over last year. The prospects of
the institution are now brighter in regard
to the completion of the endowment than
they have ever been before. There seems
to be a general feeling among the friends
of the college that the raising of the pro-
posed \$35,000 may now be regarded as a
fixed fact, and that it will be all subscribed
by the friends of the college, who have not
yet subscribed on this propo-
sition, will only be as liberal as those
that have, the remaining deficit will soon
be raised, and the whole amount secured
to the institution in perpetuo.—Biblical
Recorder.

TRADE OF NEW ORLEANS.—The ex-
ports from New Orleans to foreign coun-
tries, for the year ending June 30th, 1857,
amounted to \$1,514,280; imports, \$24,
982,149. Increase of exports, as compar-
ed with the preceding year, nearly eleven
millions—of imports nearly eight millions.
The Mississippi still keeps ahead of the
Railroads.

HIGH HANDED OUTRAGE.—The Nor-
folk Herald of yesterday says that on Mon-
day evening last, the steamer Coffee, char-
tered by the Mechanical Guards, went on
a cheap pleasure excursion to Old Point
and the Capes—tickets selling as low as
12 cents for the trip—and as a necessary
consequence there was no want of rowdies
on board. As the Coffee approached the
wharf at Old Point, there was no one there
to make fast the lines, and some of these
ordered the sentry stationed there to do
so, to which he paid no attention. When
the steamer had neared the wharf suffi-
ciently, and some of the hands had jumped
ashore and made fast, these rowdies,
it is said, attacked the sentry and beat him
most unmercifully, after which they went
up on the Point and committed other ex-
cesses. The steamer Glen Cove, which
had been chartered by the Juniors, with
an orderly and pleasant company on board,
in the meantime, stopped at the wharf,
and as usual, some of the passengers got
ashore, to remain until her return from the
Capes, knowing nothing of the fracas
which had taken place.

These, after enjoying themselves at the
Hotel, started back in time for the
Glen Cove on her return to this city, but
while some six or seven gentlemen were
walking along quietly, some conversing,
some smoking and some singing snatches
of songs, they were suddenly set upon by an
orderly and fifteen dragoons armed with
sabres who without a challenge or a com-
mand to surrender, commenced cutting
and slashing among them. A Mr. Wynne
was severely cut on the head, face and
arms, Mr. Nottingham received a cut on
the head and Dr. Finch narrowly escaped
having his head split open.

After this gallant attack upon unarmed
and unresisting men, the officer proceeded
to another party, who were sitting near the
wharf, and laid hands on Mr. D. S. Cherry
of the firm of W.D. Roberts, Jr. & Co.,
of this city. Mr. Cherry demanded an
explanation and while doing so a friend of
his endeavored to show the officer that he
was mistaken, when the latter immedi-
ately ordered him also to be taken prisoner,
but before they were taken to the guard
an acquaintance of the officer explained to
him his mistake and they were released.
Those who were taken to the guard house
were soon discovered to have been inno-
cent of any disturbance and set at liberty,
and they returned last night in the Glen
Cove, exasperated at the conduct of the
officer who had committed such an out-
rage upon them.

(If this officer was made the object
of a target practice, perhaps such an outrage
would not again occur.)

Fashionable life at Saratoga.
The editorial correspondence of the Fay-
etteville Observer speaks as follows of the
fashionable women at Saratoga Springs:

"Last year there were two great rival-
ries in the fashionable world at this house.
They sported so many and such splendid
dresses, and were so laughed at for their
folly. Within the twelve months the hus-
band of one of them has failed, been sold
out, and is not here. Fit end of a career
of folly and extravagance. The other I am
told is here. Her husband is a patent
pill man, and pills carry the day. Whether
those who take the pills and thus sup-
port the extravagance, are any wiser than
those who live by making them, I need
not say."

"I think there is still no small amount
of genius employed in the concoction of
patterns for ladies' dresses. In company
with two ladies I strolled into the ball
room of one of the hotels last night, and
was amused at the variety and elegance of
the costumes there exhibited. The gentle-
men dress simply. But the ladies! for
them, ingenuity is exhausted; they shine
in the richest and most beautiful of the
creations of man's imagination. But their
very brilliancy makes men afraid of them.
A poor fellow must count the cost before
he undertakes to clothe one of these
beautiful beings 'who toil not, neither do
they spin,' and who are yet more elegantly
arrayed than 'Solomon in all his
glory.' Celibacy and late marriages are
undoubtedly more common. The race of
unhappy old bachelors and old maids is
constantly on the increase. Men and wo-
men wait to get rich before they marry;
and in the mean time they fall into all
sorts of bad habits, become selfish and
sour. Such seemed to me to be the kind
of men who figured in the ball room last
night. I suppose there were old maids
there too, but they were neglected. The
old bachelors danced and figured only with
the young girls."

At the same visit to the ball room I was
interested in another matter which some-
body's ingenuity has been tasked for the
gratification of the sex—nothing less than
a new dance. It is called, I believe, "the
Lancers," (or something of that sound),
is very pretty, and altogether free from the
indelicacies of the schottische, waltz, &c.
It is decidedly the fashion. The former
fashionable dances having gone to the ut-
most verge of indecency, shall I say?—
it is perhaps not surprising that anything
new should be free from a tendency that
way."

Who wants one of these butterflies for a
wife? Does any sensible man wish to make
himself miserable? If so, let him form a
partnership with a fashionable woman
of the kind who "fly round" at watering
places.—Western Democrat.

**WILMINGTON, CHARLOTTE & RUTH-
ERFORD R.R.**—We learn that Col. A.
P. Canaler has commenced work on his
contract for grading the Road from
Catawba River towards Charlotte.—
Other contractors contemplate com-
mencing work about the 1st of October.

GREENSBORO MARKET, Sep. 16.
Reported expressly for the Times.
By Gilmer & Hendon, Merchants, West Market.
Bacon 15¢; Beef 18¢; Candles 25¢; Butter 20¢;
Butter 20¢; Beans 20¢; Candles 25¢; Cheese 12¢;
Corn 10¢; Eggs 10¢; Flour 10¢; Hides 10¢;
Lard 10¢; Pork 10¢; Rice 10¢; Sugar 10¢;
Tallow 10¢; Wheat 10¢; Wool 10¢.

WILMINGTON MARKET, Sep. 15.
Reported expressly for the Times.
Bacon, hoground 17¢; western sides 17¢;
Bacon, western shoulders 11¢; ham 15¢;
Bacon, brassy 10¢; Beef 18¢; Candles 25¢;
Butter 20¢; Beans 20¢; Candles 25¢; Cheese 12¢;
Corn 10¢; Eggs 10¢; Flour 10¢; Hides 10¢;
Lard 10¢; Pork 10¢; Rice 10¢; Sugar 10¢;
Tallow 10¢; Wheat 10¢; Wool 10¢.

NORFOLK MARKET, Sep. 14.
Reported expressly for the Times.
By Rowland & Bros., Commission Merchants.
Bacon, ham 16¢; Beef 18¢; Candles 25¢;
Butter 20¢; Beans 20¢; Candles 25¢; Cheese 12¢;
Corn 10¢; Eggs 10¢; Flour 10¢; Hides 10¢;
Lard 10¢; Pork 10¢; Rice 10¢; Sugar 10¢;
Tallow 10¢; Wheat 10¢; Wool 10¢.

Business Cards.
E. C. FREEMAN,
ABOTT, JOHNS & CO.,
IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS OF
STAPLE AND FANCY
SILK GOODS.
No. 153 Market Street, Philadelphia.
1857.

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IMPORTERS & DEALERS IN
STAPLE AND FANCY
DRY GOODS,
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ATTORNEY AT LAW,
HAVING permanently located in
Greensboro, N.C., will attend the Courts
of Randolph, Davidson, and Guilford, and
promptly attend to the collection of all claims
placed in his hands.
Jan. 8, 1857. 61ly

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OUTSIDE:—The first page is occupied principally this week by a paper interesting from its novelty and historic facts. To the curious it will be as attractive as the usual filling of those columns. By a careful perusal of the "Dancing" article on last page perhaps some good may be the result. Next week we shall commence a short story by Mrs. Hutchinson, "Friendship, Love and Truth; a Tale of Old Fellowship." We have on hand more than half a dozen other stories to follow in succession for the entertainment of long winter nights. Order in time before all the back numbers are exhausted, all who wish to have unbroken files.

SUNDAY MAILS:—By a poster from the authorities of the North Carolina Railroad, we learn that the Mail train will cease running on Sundays. It is reported that the same arrangement has been made with the Wilmington & Weldon, and the Raleigh & Gaston roads. It has been the case with the Railroad directors heretofore, when assailed for the violation of the Sabbath day by employing so many hands on that day, connected with the trains, to throw the responsibility upon the general government—the Post Office department. But consistency is a jewel, and now that the General Post Master permits the discontinuance of the Sunday mails, the roads advertise that the "accommodation train" will run as theretofore. Sundays not excepted.

DR. MITCHELL'S LIBRARY.
We most fully concur in the views of our friend, the Wilmington Herald, in his remarks on the suggestion that the Trustees of Chapel Hill University should not allow the Library of the late Dr. Mitchell (now advertised for sale) to be sold, but should preserve it entirely for the use of the College. In the first place, it is considered that the institution owes a debt to the memory and services of Dr. Mitchell which should save his estate from any loss in the disposition of the books; and furthermore, as the Library has been selected with much care and mature judgment, its intrinsic value would fully justify the Trustees in thus investing the money which it would require. The Hillsboro Recorder favors the suggestion, and so do we. If the Library, which is quite extensive and for the most part of scientific works, is disposed of by auction, it will be at a great sacrifice. With this, to be sure, the public has no concern; but the relation borne by the late Dr. Mitchell to the University would seem to justify the purchase of his books for its use. It would be a pity to have so valuable a library scattered broadcast over the State, for a mere song.

FINE GRAPES:—What a delicious treat to visit the vintage of our enterprising neighbor of the "West Green Nursery" and partake of its most savory fruit. Owing to the severe winter this is the only kind of fruit on hand except a few apples. But the crop of fruit trees is very large and we believe of the very best specimens in all this country. The season for planting will soon be here, and we take much pleasure in calling attention to this, the largest Nursery in our knowledge. Send and get a Catalogue for instructions in preparing ground, a choice of fruit, and at the proper time be sure to plant.

WILMINGTON JOURNAL:—The publishers of the Daily Journal, Wilmington, have commenced the 7th volume with an entire new dress, which is one of the handsomest received at our office. We have also seen some specimens from the Journal Job office, which will compare favorably with any thing we ever saw, North or South. Success to North Carolina enterprise.

James M. Palmer, Esq., of Hillsboro, has been appointed Route Agent on the North Carolina Railroad, in place of J. B. McDade, Esq., resigned.

VISIONS OF AMERICA.
To the visionary or speculative mind, some interesting statistics are given in the August number of De Bow's Review, on the progress of America; the area, population and property of the United States. From these estimates, which appear to be well authenticated, this country cannot without great renown run the common race of national existence; our situation, our language, our laws, our literature, and our civilization are peculiar, and favor a marked and distinct course. We have not the apologies of nations, hemmed in by narrow bounds, or threatened by the overshadowing power of ambitious neighbors. Our path on the page of history will be one resplendent track of light, or like the Eagles course in mid-air.

"Upward and onward true to the line."
With a country embracing the best portion of the globe, situated midway between Europe and Asia, with an area so extensive, that while it is morn on our western border (Astoria) it is noon on our eastern limit (Eastport). We have the means within ourselves, if we rightfully use them, of ruling an obedient world.

We can now look back over our past studies like one who having gained the towering summit of a barren mountain, retraces with inquiring eye the weary leagues that he has traveled in his toilsome journey, and casts a look ahead to see what he has to expect.

So we can judge of the future by the past!

At the rate in which we are increasing, in 1876, we will number over 50,000,000; and at the close of this century, we will be about 100,000,000.

When we shall arrive at an uniform density as great as Europe, our wealth will be counted by tens of thousands of millions of dollars, and if our civil and religious liberty remains the same as it is, at the present time, the science of government will be brought to such perfection, that the vast machinery of State will move with beautiful and wonderful harmony in all its complicated parts.

Another singular fact is also apparent, that the centre of population is slowly tending to the north-west. At the first census it was near the present seat of the Federal Government, and it has silently and slowly passed since, through Maryland, Pennsylvania and Virginia, and into Ohio, and is now north-west of the city of Columbus, and in about twenty years, will cross the Mississippi near Rock Island.

How great the change in that eventful century, from the small band of rebel patriots that met in the Continental Congress, to guide the struggling colonies to the haven of freedom, to "Deep statesmen skilled in deep design," who will meet beyond the Great Father of Waters, to give law to tens of millions of freemen!

The centre of industrial wealth is at present near the City of Pittsburgh, and is also slowly progressing westward, and the two will probably unite near the intersection of the 45th parallel of North latitude and the 19th meridian of longitude, west from Washington, about the year 2,000, where they will probably remain, and a capital of an enormous population will arise far exceeding London as London has exceeded Rome, or any other ancient or modern capital!

They will then be half way from the Equator and the Pole and half way from the Atlantic and the Pacific! Then the delegate from volcanic Iceland will meet the delegate from what the Spaniards have aptly termed the "burning furnace," and the representative from the new unknown and far off peninsula of Alaska, will set down with the luxurious inhabitant of the peninsula of Florida, or the enervated son of the windward Islands! A confederation then of five hundred million of freemen, will give laws to an obedient world!

This country cannot have a density like the reputed one of China, of near 300 to a square mile, but will probably be equal or greater than that of Europe, of say 75 to a square mile. And allowing 2,500,000 square miles for the deserts and the frozen regions of the extreme north, the balance, 6,000,000, will then have a population of near 500,000,000 of souls; and if they have the same head, the same laws, the same tongue, and the same God, it will be the sublimest spectacle on this revolving ball!

They reign in the last and the noblest of time—On Freedom's broad basis they stand and shine. Extend with the main, and dissolve with the skies.

DEATH OF REV. JAS. B. FINLEY.—This pioneer Methodist preacher familiarly known as "the Old Chief," died at Eaton, Ohio, on Monday. His disease was paralysis. Mr. Finley was the son of a Presbyterian minister. He was born in this State in the month of July, 1780, and was therefore at the time of his death over 77 years old. He has resided in Ohio since 1796, and commenced preaching in 1809.

MR. BUCHANAN'S LETTER.
A short time since, a letter was addressed to Mr. Buchanan from several Doctors of Divinity, including Professor Silliman, couched in language and sounding in expressions highly insulting.

The writers are all, we believe, from the New England States, and they intimate that the President has violated his oath, and say they see with grief that Gov. Walker openly represents in Kansas that the President is employing, through him, the presence of the army in that territory to force people to obey laws which are not their own. They say that by that act the President has violated, in a most essential particular, the oath which he has taken to support the Constitution.

They also assert that he is held up to mankind as levying war against the Union, and concluded by saying that they have also taken an oath to support the constitution, and will pray God to make his administration an example of justice, beneficence, &c.

President Buchanan replies, in effect, that these are heavy charges, and, if well founded, ought to consign his name to infamy; but common justice and christian charity require that before making them, they should have been ascertained to be well founded. If not, they will rebound with withering condemnation on its authors.

He asks if they have performed that duty—if so, they or he are laboring under a strange delusion. Should this be their case, it presents a memorable example of the truth that political prejudices blind even the existence of the plainest historical facts.

He reviews the history of the territory, and says he found the government as well established in Kansas, as in any other territory, and it is his duty to sustain this government, protect it from the violence of lawless men, and prevent its being overthrown by force. It was this which caused him to order troops to Kansas, to act as a posse comitatus, to aid the civil magistrates.

He administers a withering rebuke to their assumed piety, and says they are greatly assisted him in arriving at the blessed consummation, of making his administration an example of justice and beneficence, by using their influence in allaying the sectional excitement on the subject of slavery.

He says he places his trust in God, and hopes to be the instrument of restoring harmony and peace to the country.

He says he has entire confidence that Walker will not allow the troops to be employed except to resist actual aggression on officers in the execution of the laws.

MRS. MCCORD'S PARLOR MAGAZINE.—A late number of the La Grange (Ga.) Reporter says:—"We have had the pleasure of an introduction to Mrs. V. E. W. McCord, the accomplished editress of the 'Parlor Magazine,' published at New Orleans."

Why is it we have never heard of the "Parlor Magazine" before? Does it refuse to exchange with the Press, and has thus lost the usual monthly notice, of so much value to the success of a magazine. Hope the Editress will see a reasonableness in this suggestion and send us a copy. The Reporter thus closes the notice from which the above extract is taken—"A lady of rare intellect with a mind rich with originality, and possessing an indomitable energy, her enterprise should command the respect and support of the people of the South. The price is \$3.00 per annum in advance, and we will take great pleasure in forwarding subscription for those who are desirous of encouraging Southern enterprise and Southern intellect."

FAIRS:—The North Carolina State Fair will commence in Raleigh on the 20th of next month, and continue four days. We have not yet learned who has been selected to deliver the Address on the occasion.

The next Fair of the Seaboard Society will be held at Norfolk on the 11th, 12th, 13th and 14th of November.

The next Fair of the "Union Agricultural Society of Virginia and North Carolina," will be held in Petersburg, Virginia, about the 20th of October. The Address will be delivered by M. W. Ransom, Esq., of this State. Those who attend may expect to hear an able and interesting Address.

GIVE HIM A PASS:—The Retired Physician whose "sands of life are nearly wasted," had a couple of barrels of sand sent him by some way a few days ago. He will now be able to keep it running.

The N. Y. Picayune proposes capital punishment for the wicked impostor as follows:

"HANG UP THE HUMBLED ON THE OUTER WALLS"—The "retired physician, whose sands of life," advertised *Cannabis Indica* as a cure for consumption. As *Cannabis Indica* is not important here, the public may judge of his honesty, and as it is a preparation of Indian Hemp, a suggestion may arise as to the good natured preparation of Hemp might do, in hastening the efflux of the "retired physician's" "sands of life!"

This "retired" rascal, who is imposing upon the feeble, the sick, and dying victims his foul trepan against a Canada paper for exposing his vile tricks in defrauding honest people. Pass him around.

The Beginning of the World.
The following extract from a sermon of Mr. Spurgeon, the famous English preacher, is a specimen of the eloquence, which within a year or two has made his name familiar in both hemispheres:

Can any man tell me when the beginning was? Years ago we thought the beginning of this world was when Adam came upon it; but we have discovered that, thousands of years before that, God was preparing chaotic matter to make a fit abode for man; putting races of creatures upon it, who might die and leave behind the marks of His handiwork and marvelous skill, before He tried His hand on men. But this was not the beginning; for revelation points us to a period long ere this world was fashioned—to the days when the morning stars were begotten; when, like drops of dew from the fingers of the morning, stars and constellations fell trickling from the hand of God; when, by his own lips, He launched forth ponderous orbs; when, with his own hand, He sent comets, like thunderbolts, wandering through the sky, to find one day their proper sphere. We go back to years gone by, when worlds were made and systems fashioned; but we have not even approached the beginning yet.

Until we go to the time when all the universe slept in the mind of God, as yet unborn until we enter the eternity where God, the Creator, lived alone, everything sleeping within him, all creation resting in his mighty, gigantic thought, we have not guessed the beginning. We may go back, back, back, ages upon ages. We may go back, if we may use such strange words, whole eternities, and yet never arrive at the beginning. Our wing might be tired, our imagination would die away. Could it outstrip the lightning's flashing in majesty, power and rapidity, it would soon weary itself it could get to the beginning. But God from the beginning chose his people, when the unavenged ether was yet unfanned by the wing of a single angel, when space was shoreless, and, without the song of angel, without the attendance of even the cherubim, long ere the living creatures were born, or the wheels of the chariot of Jehovah were fashioned; even then, "in the beginning was the word," and in the beginning God's people were one with the Word, and "in the beginning he chose them unto the eternal life."

CAPE FEAR AND DEEP RIVER.—We learn from the Wilmington Herald, that the President and Directors of the Cape Fear and Deep River Improvement Company have recently made a contract with a Northern Company for the completion of the entire works on the river, on what seems to be very eligible terms. The Company contract to complete the entire works, within one year from 1st October next, on certain conditions, and among them, provided the corporate subscription of \$25,000 for the town of Wilmington is authorized to be made; the town to issue bonds for the payment of said subscription at ten years after the completion of the work. This subscription of \$25,000 is in part payment for the fulfillment of the contract by the Northern Company, and we think will be made.

This Northern Company is very largely interested in the coalfields on Deep River, and have therefore every incentive to complete the works as speedily as possible, so as to render their speculations in coal lands available, and bring their deposits to market with all despatch.

DR. DEEMS:—We learn from the Enquirer that this distinguished orator has accepted an invitation to deliver an address in Richmond, on the 17th inst., in defence and recommendation of the Order of Odd Fellows. We are sure, says the Enquirer, that but to mention the name of so popular a speaker will ensure a crowded audience.

MECHANICS IN MEMPHIS:—The Memphis Appeal says: "We have never known such a demand for mechanics as exists at the present in Memphis. Bricklayers and carpenters especially are in great request. Our city is growing rapidly, demand for labor is great, and remunerating prices are paid. We advise mechanics abroad to come to Memphis if they desire constant employment and good wages."

THE WRETCH:—Returning to our office from dinner a few days since, we found the following distich penned by an intruder and placed in full view upon our desk—

AN EDITOR'S SANCTUM.
Books, scissors, papers and letters—
Pens, penknives, and debtors.

RAIL ROAD CONDUCTOR:—Our townsman, George M. Adams, has been appointed Conductor on one of the trains of the North Carolina Railroad. A good appointment.

LARGE SEA TURTLE.—Mr. Samuel Gibson, fishing at the mouth of the river, caught, a few days since, a sea turtle, weighing 356 pounds, which he brought to Washington, and sold to the restaurant keepers.

PROGRESS OF INVENTIONS.
In no one department of progress is the true wealth of a nation better indicated than in the inventor's. And it is indicative no less of the moneyed wealth and prosperity of a nation than of the higher and nobler development of the mind. There is a species of inspiration in invention; a semi-divinity. What else can conceive in the mind a something, the like of which was never seen or thought of before? A discovery may be accidental; but to invent is next to the act of creating, and therefore displays the highest species of the intellect.

In the "Scientific American" of Sept 5th, which closes the 12th volume of this excellent publication, we find the following allusion to the increase of patents during the past year—
"In the world of science perhaps the greatest event of the year has been the construction of the cable for the Atlantic Ocean Telegraph. We had hoped to close our volume with a record of the successful telegraphic union of the Old and New Worlds. An accident has however, temporarily postponed the consummation of that extraordinary enterprise; but the history of its success will, we trust, be written in our next volume."

The Ocean Telegraph, although it rises above all other scientific enterprises of the year, is not, however, the only great thing attempted. Our inventors have been as busy as bees. The number of new inventions produced in this country during the past year, exceeds, by full one-third, that of any preceding year. And the demand for labor-saving machinery and new articles of manufacture was never so strong as at present. The value of patent property is greater than ever before, although the number of patents granted has wonderfully increased. Five years ago we congratulated our readers upon the then unusual activity of the United States Patent Office, in issuing seventeen patents per week. But now it is not uncommon to see a weekly list of seventy patents granted. We take pride in believing that the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN has contributed, in no small degree, to this increase and development of new inventions. Their numerical augmentation is indicative of great progress in the realm of thought, for inventions are not the work of the hands, but of the mind."

THE OBLIGATION OF A FREEMASON.—A curious case has just been brought before the Superior Court of New York City, in which one French Freemason named Emile Pierre, sued another of the craft named Antoine Bonnard for slander having procured his expulsion from the lodge to which they both belonged, and injuring his business, which is that of a shoemaker, by speaking malicious words. These reproachful terms consist in styling M. Pierre a pickpocket and a thief, and asserting that he had exacted from M. Bonnard a sham mortgage. M. Pierre swears that the defendant had circulated these reports among a great portion of the French community of New York City, which is numerous, and has expressed a fixed determination to ruin him, and that since the slanders were uttered, he has been unable to obtain work to maintain his family. But the most curious part of the complaint's affidavit is, that stating that both parties were members of a French lodge of Freemasons in New York, wherein Bonnard in his absence made false and malicious charges against him, supporting the same by his masonic oath. In consequence of which he, (Pierre), was expelled, and cannot after any other masonic lodge on the face of the earth. Upon this charge Bonnard was arrested and held to bail in \$1,000. The case is a striking one, and frustrates the power over evil doers exercised by the masonic fraternity.

AN EXTRAORDINARY SURGICAL TRIUMPH.—The Lowell News says that some twenty-seven months ago a young man named Wm. K. Foster had the whole of one elbow joint torn out by an accident. He was taken to the hospital, where Dr. Kimball, advised by Drs. Graves and Dickey, proceeded to saw off the fragmentary bones, shortening them some two and a half inches, and then uniting them so as to make a new joint. Strange as it may seem, the wound did well and healed and Mr. Foster has a good elbow joint and arm. He moves the joint with perfect ease, though not quite so fully as the other, and can, as he says, hold out twenty-two and a half pounds with the hand at arm's length. The arm is now nearly three and a half inches shorter than the other, and is a good and reliable arm for all the purposes of labor to which Mr. Foster is called.

MELANCHOLY SUICIDE.—A friend informs us by letter under date of the 14th inst., that Jas. Henry Robinson, son of Wm. Robinson, Esq., of the Goldsboro Tribune, committed suicide on the 11th inst., by shooting himself in the head with a pistol. No cause has been assigned for the terrible act. He was about 17 years old, had been a student of the University and bid fair to be a talented and useful man. We deeply sympathize with his father in this hour of sore affliction. The unfortunate young man was buried in Goldsboro on Sunday last.—*Char. Dem.*

THE REMAINS OF HUGH S. LEGARE.—The Charleston Courier states that Richard Yeaton, Esq., was expected to leave that city Wednesday morning 9th inst., for the North, for the purpose of bringing the remains of Hugh S. Legare from Boston, to his native State.

PRIVATE CORNER.
THE INEBRIATE RESTORED is the title of an exciting and interesting story by Mrs. L. M. Hutchinson, of Norfolk, Va. On a short story, Mrs. Hutchinson is one of the most successful writers of whom we have any knowledge. Her sketches are unpretending, the scenes exciting and the moral lessons, or impressions left permanently upon the mind are of an elevating and improving tendency. The above story is especially good, and we will try and make room for it at an early day.....

THE NEW FURNITURE, by Ina Clayton, is a short life sketch, like others by the same author, of peculiar interest. Fanny Fern in her palmiest days could never surpass the simplicity, the thrilling heart-feeling life sketches of Ina Clayton. How many erring mortals, for whose timely good these sketches are penned, can read the very minute pencillings of their own erring life-like portrait. May they accomplish their latest design.....T. M. K.: "Spirit Love" received. We fancy we see from a light glance at your lines, a superior article of poetry—something that is really beautiful. We are glad to form your acquaintance, and hope you will favor us often.

CHS. M. TENLEY.
We noticed an article in the "Southern Statesman" published in Norfolk Va., reflecting in very strong language upon one of our most esteemed Contributors. We have delayed making any remarks thereupon, thinking Mr. Tenley would perhaps reply. But as he doubtless deems any reply over his own signature, or any contradiction by himself, of the charges, as unbecoming for—and thinking that some of our readers may have seen the article in question, and not be able to interpret it, we have thought it but an act of justice to state, that Mr. Tenley is (and has been for a number of years) personally known to one of us, and that we can bear witness to his strict integrity of character, and morality of principle.

SHOOTING IN NASH.—A gentleman in Nash County requests the insertion of the following remarkable shooting items.—Mr. Geo. Pitts shot an eagle near Peach-tree Grove, on the 10th July, with a rifle at the distance of 115 yards. The eagle measured 7 feet from tip to tip of his wings, and his toes and claws were 7 inches long. Dr. S., near the same place, shot a hawk which measured 5 feet from tip to tip. Also recently at Bryant's mill near the same place, Mr. Joseph Edwards shot and killed a turtle at a distance of 240 yards. The weapon used was an old rifle which had been used in Morgan's Brigade at the defeat of Tarleton, in the battle of the Cowpens, Jan. 17th, 1781.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE IN GEORGIA.—A destructive fire occurred on Sunday in the town of Americus, Sumter county, Georgia, destroying the houses of H. W. Shaw, J. C. Holmes, S. S. Kendrick, F. Vogelsang, J. P. Griffith, B. Greenwald, L. Johnson, Johnson & Evans and others. The largest portion of the business part of the town is consumed. The loss is estimated at \$50,000 with about half covered by insurance.

WHEELER'S NICARAGUA.—We have heretofore noticed the fact that Col. John H. Wheeler, of this State, was preparing a history of Nicaragua. The "Washington States" says:

"We have had an opportunity of looking into the pages of this forthcoming work; and, from a personal knowledge derived from a temporary residence in Nicaragua, we know that it is reliable and accurate. We shall hail its advent into the republic of letters, as adding information of an interesting and lovely country, of which all wish to know something, and few know little accurately about."

USE OF STRYCHNINE IN DISTILLERIES.—The physician of the House of Correction, at Lawrence, Mass., reports it almost impossible to treat delirium tremens successfully now, in consequence of the utter prostration of the nervous system of drunkards by the strychnine, so generally used in the manufacture of liquors.

SAVED FROM DROWNING.—We learn that, this morning, a little boy, some six to eight years of age, son of Mr. Geo. H. Kelley, fell overboard, from Market street wharf, and would have been drowned, had not a negro man named Joe, belonging to Mr. Jas. Moore, jumped in and brought the little fellow safe to land. Joe is deserving of all praise, and we take pleasure in awarding him our meed.—*Will. Jour.* 9th inst.

Cured by the Oxygenated Bitters.—From Gen. A. C. Dodge, Delegate in Congress from Iowa, now Minister to Spain, Washington, D. C., May 18, 1850. Dr. Geo. B. Green—Dear Sir: The Oxygenated Bitters with which you were so kind as to furnish me, have had a most salutary effect in my case. I was troubled with Dyspepsia for four years, during which time I tried many remedies, but never met with any so good as your Bitters. I am now in the enjoyment of good health, and I hope, and believe, that all who use the Oxygenated Bitters, will find them as serviceable as I have found them. With high respect your Obedient Servant, A. C. DODGE. We commend the above Certificate to all those who suffer from Dyspepsia, in any of its forms. Try the Oxygenated Bitters, before you say there is no cure for this disease. Sent W. Fowle & Co., 128 Washington Street, Boston, Proprietors. Sold by their agents every where.

MARRIED.
In Raleigh on the 9th inst. Mr. JOSEPH D. POWELL to Miss CORBEN R. LEMAY. Also, on the 7th inst. Mr. T. J. HAYES to Mrs. FANNIE ANDERSON.

AWK'S HISTORY OF NORTH CAROLINA for sale at the Book Store by E. W. OGBURN & CO.

HESPERIAN HARP, THE LARGEST and one of the best NOTE BOOKS issued by Rev. Wm. H. H. M. D., for sale at the Book Store by E. W. OGBURN & CO.

WHEAT—THE SUBSCRIBER will pay CASH for good WHEAT delivered at the depot of this place. Bring on your samples. E. W. OGBURN, Agent, f. r. Sept. 1857.

Office N. C. Hall Road Co.—Commenced Sept. 3, 1857.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the following Stock subscribed for in the Company will be sold for CASH on the 1st day of October next, at the Court House in the town of Salisbury, unless the amount due on said subscriptions shall be paid before the time of sale.

No. of Shares.	Name of Shareholder.
15	E. D. Austin now in the
10	Samuel N. Blackie,
70	Dubney Cosby,
3	Michael Davis,
1	C. DuFre,
1	M. M. Gledhill,
45	James Griswold transferred to John Kennaday,
2	Seaton Gales,
2	C. M. B. Hutchings,
3	L. K. Heatt,
1	John M. Long,
1	Richard Ligon,
1	Wm. McCulley,
1	C. Myers,
1	Patrick McGowan,
1	J. A. Parker,
1	J. B. Russell,
1	J. W. Scott,
2	W. S. Simpson,
1	S. H. Tarrentine,
25	J. C. Tarrentine,
1	S. & D. Teller,
1	J. A. Worth,
1	W. Ward,
6	Hart & Pelly.

CYRUS P. MENDENHALL, Treasurer.

GARRAGE FOR SALE.
GOOD second-hand Carriage for sale very cheap. Apply soon to July 11, 1856. K. G. LINDSAY.

A New Book.
The Old North State in 1776; Sixty Years, by E. W. Carothers, D.D., just published, and for sale by Aug. 1856 E. W. OGBURN.

LAST NOTICE.
ALL BONDS AND ACCOUNTS due Rankin & McLean, and not satisfactorily arranged by the 15 day of October next, will be placed in the proper officers hands for collection. Let all who are interested attend without delay, to this notice and save cost and trouble. JED. H. LINDSAY, Trustee, 85-87. For Rankin & McLean.

JAMES M. HUGHES, FASHIONABLE TAILOR, West Market Street, one door below the Book Store. All persons wishing Clothes made in the latest style and on the most reasonable terms, can be accommodated by calling at my shop. I have a regular agency by which I receive the Paris, New York and Philadelphia fashions every three months. No establishment in the country is better prepared to give good and fashionable work. One trial is all that is asked, and if satisfaction is not given as above, the money will be refunded both in cutting and making. JAMES M. HUGHES, March 12, 1857.

DRUGS! DRUGS! DRUGS!!!
JUST to hand a large and well selected stock of Medicines, Oils, Paints, Dye stuff, Brushes, Perfumery, Pomades, Extracts, Soaps, Cosmetics.

Also,
SEARS of the choicest Brands; in fact, every article usually found in a Drug Store. Call on East Market. Orders promptly filled. Prescription carefully put up at all hours by W. C. PORTER.

A GENERAL assortment of Hardware, Ware, Grain and Grass Scythes, Nails, Cordage, &c. E. G. LINDSAY, N. E. corner of Elm & Market.

MARBLE YARD.
NORTH STREET OPPOSITE HOPKINS HOTEL, Greensboro, N. C.

THE undersigned would respectfully inform the citizens of Greensboro and surrounding country, that he has opened a Marble Shop a few doors North of the Court House, where he is prepared to furnish all kinds of MONUMENTS, TOMBS and GRAVESTONES, as cheap as they can be had in any part of the country. He flatters himself that for workmanship he will give satisfaction to the most fastidious. He invites all to give him a call before purchasing elsewhere. GEO. HEINRICH, (57-ly.) Feb. 2, 1857.

GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES,
G Vest and Fob Chains, Breastpins, Finger Rings, Revolvers, Pistols, Force Mommies and Spectacles for sale by S. ARCHER.

HAND VICES, BEEF MALLS,
German, Blister & Cast Steel, Wheat, Meal, & Sand Sieves, received and for sale by June 10. R. N. CALDWELL.

Cabinet Furniture
AND
COTTAGE BEDSTADS,
MANUFACTURED BY
JOS. SEARS,
THESE BEDSTADS, with other articles of Cabinet Furniture, kept constantly on hand and for sale cheap by the Manufacturer. Apply at his shop on Greene Street, between West Market and Seymour. Greensboro, N. C. 227m

NEW BOOKS—JUST RECEIVED.
—The Star and Cloud, or a Daughter's Love, by A. S. Poe; The Artist's Bride, or the Pawn Broker's Heir, Bennett; The American Citizen, Hopkins; The Violet, or the Cross and the Crown, McIntosh; Life of Nathan Hale, the Martyr Spy, Stewart; Poems of Ossian; Old Home, the Pawn-Broker, or the Orphan's Legacy; My last Cruise, or Where we went and What we saw, Habsbarth; The Rangers and the Regulators of the Tannah; Visions of Wakefield, Goldsmith; Hood's Poems; Longfellow's Poems; Counsel to the Awakened, or Path of Society; Poems National and Patriotic by Cutler; Torrey's Interest Tables; The Prince of the House of David, Patton; Humorous Poetry of the English Language; Eliza Cook's Poems; Bancroft's History of the United States, six volumes; Cyclopaedia of American Literature, Duyckinck; &c., &c. At the Book Store by E. W. OGBURN & CO. April 16.

WHY DO YE SUFFER WITH CANCERS, ASTHMA, SCROFULA, OR ANY SKIN DISEASE, when it is in your power to be speedy and effectually cured? Having treated many very bad cases—some which were given up as hopeless, by those not knowing my remedies—I have no hesitancy in saying I can cure you of the above diseases in a very short time, feeling as believing, and if any one is credulous, I can produce a number of certificates from some of the first men in this and the adjoining States. Address, WM. E. EDWARDS, Greensboro, N. C. And calls will be made or Medicine sent by mail, as your option.

He is also in possession of a plain and simple art, by which the worst cases of STUTTERING and STAMMERING can be cured in a very short time. The afflicted would do well to write him, and describe their case.

THE LYRIC PASSION.
BY LUTHER C. RIGGS.
From the strange life of the heart
Whose strings deep passion ever play,
The poet gains the brighter part
Of life's sunny day.
The lyric passion is the dream—
The silver cloud on which he flies—
Rising above all mortal men,
Ascends into the pagan skies.

Bright poetry—thou dazzling flame—
A shadow of God's blazing fire,
Escaped from Heaven and to man came
To smile upon his destiny:
How much we owe thee, divine guest,
Forgetful of thy high estate,
Thou play'st thy lyre for human breath,
And tune'st thy chords to human fate.

IS IT RIGHT TO DANCE?
BY REV. WM. O. REID.

The above query has been made in every age of the world since the introduction of dancing among christian and civilized nations; but the world has ever been divided in sentiment on the subject. Some answer the question in the affirmative—others in the negative. Those who answer this question affirmatively say, that dancing is a very cheerful and pleasant amusement—that it gives exercise to the body, hilarity to the spirit and imparts a peculiar grace to the manners and actions of one. Therefore, it is not only innocent in itself as an amusement, but that it is really conducive to health and happiness. Those who answer the question in the negative, assert that dancing is attended with a needless waste of time, money, and intellect—that it is destructive (in many instances) of health, piety and morality. Therefore, the practice of dancing is radically wrong, and should not be encouraged by the sober, thinking, better portion of society.

We have fairly stated the arguments, both for and against the practice of dancing, and the logical deductions of both parties drawn therefrom, and shall now proceed calmly to investigate the principles upon which they arrived at the solution of the above problem. Now we are decidedly of the opinion, that when the world is divided on any question or practice, involving morals, in forming our judgement on the question at issue, we should look well to the intelligence, learning and piety of the parties who decide upon the merits of the question. In the first place, we would ask, what is the general moral character of those who have decided this question in the affirmative? Are they not generally, worldly minded, frivolous, irreverent persons? I think the answer to my interrogations, from every honest enquirer after truth must be in the affirmative—and if so, should their decisions on questions touching morals, be regarded as a safe criterion by which our future actions should be governed? I think not.

1. They say that it is right to dance, because it is a cheerful, and pleasant amusement. So might the pleasure party say, who travel on the Sabbath day for the sake of pleasure. And no doubt Herodias justified herself on the same hypothesis when her daughter danced so gracefully before Herod, and so pleased him that "he promised with an oath to give her whatsoever she would ask"—being instructed by her iniquitous mother to ask the head of pious John the Baptist, simply because it would make her feel cheerful and happy. Nero might also have justified himself on the same principle when he ceased to exercise the functions of a King and turned his attention to killing flies, because it gave him pleasure, and made him feel cheerful. And I have no doubt but the poor drunkard is influenced to sip at the inebriating bowl, because it makes him feel "cheerful and pleasant" for the time being. And we might mention a thousand other instances to show the folly of making a sacrifice of principle to gratify a vitiated taste, and passion.

2. "It gives exercise to the body, hilarity to the spirit, and imparts a peculiar grace to the manners and actions of one." This is a very specious reasoning, and well calculated to satisfy the thoughtless, giddy, and gay; but not altogether so satisfactory to sober, and investigating minds. "It gives exercise to the body"—this is very true—but the question very naturally arises—are there not other ways of taking exercise which would be equally as invigorating to the body, and exhilarating to the spirit as dancing—let us see. Suppose the same time were spent in visiting the sick, in relieving the distressed and needy, which daily surround us, as is spent in the party, or ball-room. would we not have ample exercise for the body, and a refreshed and joyful spirit—would we not have also the consciousness of having done good to others?

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that we have done good to others? Most assuredly we would—but suppose we fail thus to redeem our leisure time, and spend it in a badly ventilated ball-room in dancing—would we not be deficient in duty? Would we not fail to do good to others, and get good for ourselves? Therefore, we conclude that the propriety of dancing is extremely doubtful, if not sinful—for God has given us no time to waste foolishly or sinfully—but the divine injunction is—"give diligence to make your calling and election sure."

3. But it is further argued that dancing "imparts a peculiar grace to the manners, and actions of one." For the life of me, I have never been able to discover that "peculiar grace" which dancing imparts to its votaries. As for my own part, I have always been able to discover more grace, and beauty in the actions and manners of those gentlemen and ladies, who spend their leisure moments in works of mercy and love. There is something truly magnificent in all their action—and if their be one scene above another on the earth upon which angels love to look, it is upon those gentlemen and ladies thus employed—for they recognize in them kindred spirits—while all the good and pure of the earth "rise up, and call them blessed." But how differently must the angels and good men be impressed by the influence and scene presented at the ball-room! Here are the worldly minded, thoughtless, careless, unconverted ones of earth, assembled for no higher purpose than that of seeking momentary pleasure—standing as it were upon the narrow neck of time, perfectly regardless of futurity and its awful consequences—"They send forth their little one like a flock, and their children dance. They take the Timbrel and harp, and rejoice at the sound of the organ. They spend their days in wealth, and in a moment go down to the grave. Therefore, they say unto God, Depart from us; for we desire not the knowledge of thy ways. What is the Almighty that we should serve him? and what profit should we have, if we pray unto him?" The above is a truthful picture, and correct sentiment of every heart that is susceptible of joy and pleasure in shuffling the Cotillon, jumping the Polka, turning the Waltz, and Swinging the scotchisches of the day. But such maneuvers and fantastic actions are supposed to "impart a peculiar grace to the manners of one" who thus exercises himself. The question now comes up—Are the fashions, extravagances, actions, and spirit of the ball-room acceptable, and well pleasing to God? He shall answer this question for himself by his servant Isaiah—"Because the daughters of Zion are haughty, and walk with stretched forth necks and wanton eyes, walking, and mincing as they go, and making a tinkling with their feet: Therefore, the Lord will smite with a scab the crown of the head of the daughters of Zion—in that day the Lord will take away the bravery of their tinkling ornaments about their feet and their curls, and their round tires like the moon. The chains, and the bracelets, and the mufflers—The bonnets, and ornaments of the legs, and the head bands, and the tablets, and the ear-rings—The rings and nose-jewels—The changeable suits of apparel, and the mantles, and the wimples, and the crisping-pins—The glasses, and fine linen, and the hoods, and the veils. And it shall come to pass, that instead of sweet smell, there shall be stink; and instead of a girdle, a rent; and instead of well-set hair, baldness; and instead of a stomacher, a girding of sackcloth; and burning instead of beauty." From the above we find that the "peculiar grace" imparted at ball-rooms to individuals does not meet with a very flattering reception in heaven—just the reverse. For God has declared, that—"hell hath enlarged herself, and opened her mouth without measure: and their glory, and their multitude, and their pomp, and he that rejoiceth, shall descend into it."

But enough of this, only suffice it to repeat the scriptural admonition to the one, who seeks worldly pleasure at the expense of his own salvation. "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thy heart, and in the sight of thine eyes: but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment." Secondly, We shall briefly notice the reasoning process by which the negative party decide the merits of the question at issue.

1. It is asserted, "that dancing is attended with a needless waste of time." This declaration is true, or it is not true. If it can be shown that the same amount of time spent in dancing, could be spent more profitably otherwise, then it will inevitably follow that the declaration is true. For every rational man will readily admit, that his time on earth is limited, and that he ought to improve it to the extent of

his ability, not only for his individual good; but for the general good of mankind—"for no man liveth to himself, or dieth to himself." Now suppose the same amount of time spent in reading good religious, historical, and scientific works—would we not become much wiser, and better at heart? would we not be much better qualified to discharge the duties we owe to God, and man? Surely no one will pretend to say that dancing would better qualify us for those high, arduous, and responsible duties. But many will say we ought to do these, and not leave the other undone. Will those who reason thus tell us how much time we will have left for dancing if the duties we owe to ourselves; to our God; and to mankind be faithfully, and fully discharged? We should like to have an answer to this question. But again, suppose the same time were spent in prayer, and self-examination that is spent in the ball-room—will any one pretend to say it would not have a much more salutary effect upon our present, future and eternal destiny? I presume not. Therefore, the declaration holds good that it is not right to dance because it "is attended with a needless waste of time."

2. "It is attended with a needless waste of money." We think that we have offered arguments sufficiently strong to show that dancing "is attended with a needless waste of time"—consequently all monies expended for preparing and conducting this exercise, amounts to prodigality. For it is a fixed fact in ethics that man is a moral agent, and the steward of God—therefore, whatever he has at his disposal or under his control, is not his own, but his Maker's—and if he dispose of it in any other manner than his Lord shall direct he is to all intents and purposes an "unjust steward," and may expect nothing in the end of his stewardship, but disgrace and punishment.

3. "It is attended with a needless waste of mind." The ball-room is the last place on earth to which men should resort for the improvement of their minds—for there is nothing intellectual in the whole programme of the rites and ceremonies of dancing—while there is much to enervate and disgust the purely intellectual. No, no;—it is here, that an altar is erected, on which the mind must be sacrificed to the idle jest and gossip of the day, which blacken character, and sting the soul unto death eternal. Think you, that had Peter Francisco, the Virginia giant, spent his days in the ball-room, that he or the world would have ever been conscious of his strength? Surely not;—it was the occasion and weight of the burden that developed his Herculean powers. And what is said of this giant, is equally true of the mind—for it is the occasion and importance of the subject that can only call forth its powers, and cause it to appear in all its majesty and glory.

4. It is further argued that it is wrong to dance, because "it is destructive to health, piety and morality." Let us see—the question now to be decided contains three important elements—health, piety and morality—and it is asserted, that the ball-room is destructive of these—now if it can be made to appear that the ball-room has been the direct cause of sickness and death, and a general declension in piety and morals—all serious persons, at least, must decide against it. And first, we would ask, how many persons are there at the present time, whose health and constitution are destroyed for ever, upon whose cheek the hectic glow is seen morning and evening, the sure precursor of death? If we could get a truthful response to this question, we would know of a certainty that "their name is legion." And if we could but speak, with that voice that awakes the dead—how many of "the sleepers there," would tell us with sorrow and regret, that they had been hurried hence by the deleterious effects of the ball-room—heaven only knows; but we know the number is great. But again, why is it that those gentlemen and ladies who were once so moral—so pious—so devoted to God; his Church, and everything that is godly and praiseworthy, now so cold, careless and indifferent about these things? may not the reason and cause of this apathy be traced in many instances directly to the ball-room?

Gentle reader, we will leave it with you to answer these questions—while we feel confident that every truly pious person in the land will condemn both the principle and practice of dancing.

A SINGULAR HABIT.—One of the Southern papers gives the following: "The Hon. W. L. Dayton, who is summing at Long Branch, according to his usual custom was severely attacked with bilious colic on Sunday."

Remarkable man! How long does it take one to become accustomed to the "bilious colic on Sunday," provided he is not within reach of Ward Beecher's preaching.

A POPULOUS CABIN.—An exchange paper says: "It is only twenty-two years since the first log cabin was erected in Burlington, Iowa, and it now contains 10,135 inhabitants."

An Irishman attending a Quaker meeting, heard a young friend make the following announcement: "Brethren and sisters, I am going to marry a daughter of the Lord." "The devil ye are," said Pat, "Faith an' he jokers, an' it will be a long time before you'll see yer father-in-law!"

A PHRASEMENT.—Phragement of an Ored to a Phreumont Poll, What Was A Bein Cut Down For Stove would.

Woodman spare them poles, Touch not a single vine, Last Fall they cheered our souls, Just let them for plums.

It was our Phreumont Club, That did place them there; Oh, please you, let 'em stand, Or else you'll hear us wane.

Farm, House and Fun.

At a Sunday school examination, the teacher asked a boy whether he could forgive those who had wronged him. "Could you," said the teacher, "forgive a boy, for example, who had insulted or struck you?" "Y-e-s, sir," said the lad slowly; "I think—I could, if he was bigger than I am."

The beauty of woman transcends all other forms of beauty, as well in the sweetness of her suggestions, as in the delicious fervor of admiration it awakens. The beauty of a lovely woman is an inspiration; a sweet delirium; a gentle madness. Her looks are love potions.

WORTH KNOWING.—One pound of green copperas, costing seven cents, dissolved in one quart of water, and poured down a privy, will effectually concentrate and destroy the foulest odors. For water-closets aboard ships and steamboats, about hotels, and other public places, there is nothing so nice to cleanse them, as simple green copperas dissolved; and, for sick rooms, it may be placed under the bed in any thing that will hold water, and thus render a hospital, or other place for the sick, free from unpleasant smells. For butchers' stalls, fish-markets, slaughter-houses, sinks and wherever there are offensive putrid gases, dissolve copperas, and sprinkle it about, and in a few days, the smell will pass away. If a cat, rat, or mouse dies about the house, and sends forth an offensive gas, place some dissolved copperas in an open vessel near the place where the nuisance is, and it will soon purify the atmosphere.

Bardeek leaf, applied externally, is said to be an almost infallible cure for neuralgia.

FIRE-PROOF DRESSES.—It ought to be generally known, that all ladies' light dresses may be made fire-proof at a merely nominal cost, by steeping them, or the linen or cotton used in making them in a diluted solution of chloride of zinc. The very finest cambric, soap-reared, may be held in the flame of a candle, and charred to dust, without the slightest flame. It may be added, that this neutral salt will seldom affect the color of the finest fabric.

INTERNAL BEAUTY.—"Handsome is that handsome does," is an old adage with truth in it. A boy, who was riding down hill on his sled, late winter, in the street, ran into a lady's dress. Springing to his feet, he expressed regret at the accident; when the lady kindly remarked, "There's no great harm done, my boy; you feel worse about it than I do."

"But your dress is ruined," said the lad. "I thought you would be very angry," "Better have a spoiled dress than a ruffled temper," the lady replied; and, as she passed on, the boy exclaimed to his companions, "Isn't she a beauty?" "Call her a beauty," said one of them. "She's more than forty, and has got wrinkles!" "I don't care for that," retorted the lad; "her soul is handsome, any how."

VERY LIKELY.—The man who goes to Heaven by the way of New Orleans is sure to have twice as high a place in eternal glory as he who reaches Paradise through the quiet portals of Connecticut or Pennsylvania.—Exchange.

The man who goes to Glory by way of California, will find plenty of room in the stage coach which carries him there.—Sacramento (Cal.) Age.

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PROSPECTUS OF THE NORTH CAROLINA JOURNAL OF EDUCATION.

At the recent meeting of the N. C. Educational Association, in Warrenton, the undersigned were appointed a committee to make the necessary arrangements for publishing a monthly Journal, with the above title.

Having made arrangements for issuing the first No. in September next, they call, with confidence, upon the friends of Education throughout the State, and especially upon Teachers and School Officers, to send subscriptions immediately, that they may be enabled to go on with the work. They feel assured that if those who have the educational interests of our State at heart, will exert themselves, the number of subscribers, requisite to insure complete success, can be secured within one week, after the publication of this prospectus.

The Journal is to be devoted entirely to the interests of Education, and will be published under the auspices of the State Educational Association. It will be the organ of the Association and of all faithful and subordinate Associations in the State. It will labor to promote the great cause of Education, in all its grades, as one cause; and to foster a general sympathy between teachers and officers of Common Schools, Academies and Colleges, as co-laborers in that great cause. It will strive to advance the interests of the Common School System of the State, as underlying all other interests, and sustaining, on its vast granite base, our great educational structure, and will furnish a channel of communication between the General Superintendent of Common Schools and those who feel an interest in their welfare. The Journal will be edited by a Board of Editors, composed of C. H. Wiley, Editor of the Educational Association, and a number of the leading Teachers of the State, and one local Editor, who will receive all communications and superintend the Publication.

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of the Journal of Education, Greensboro, N. C.

TERMS.—The Journal will be published monthly, in magazine form, in handsome type, and will contain 48 pages, at the following rates: One copy, for one year, \$1.00 (to one address)....10 10 Subscriptions required invariably in advance, and receipts sent in the first No.

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